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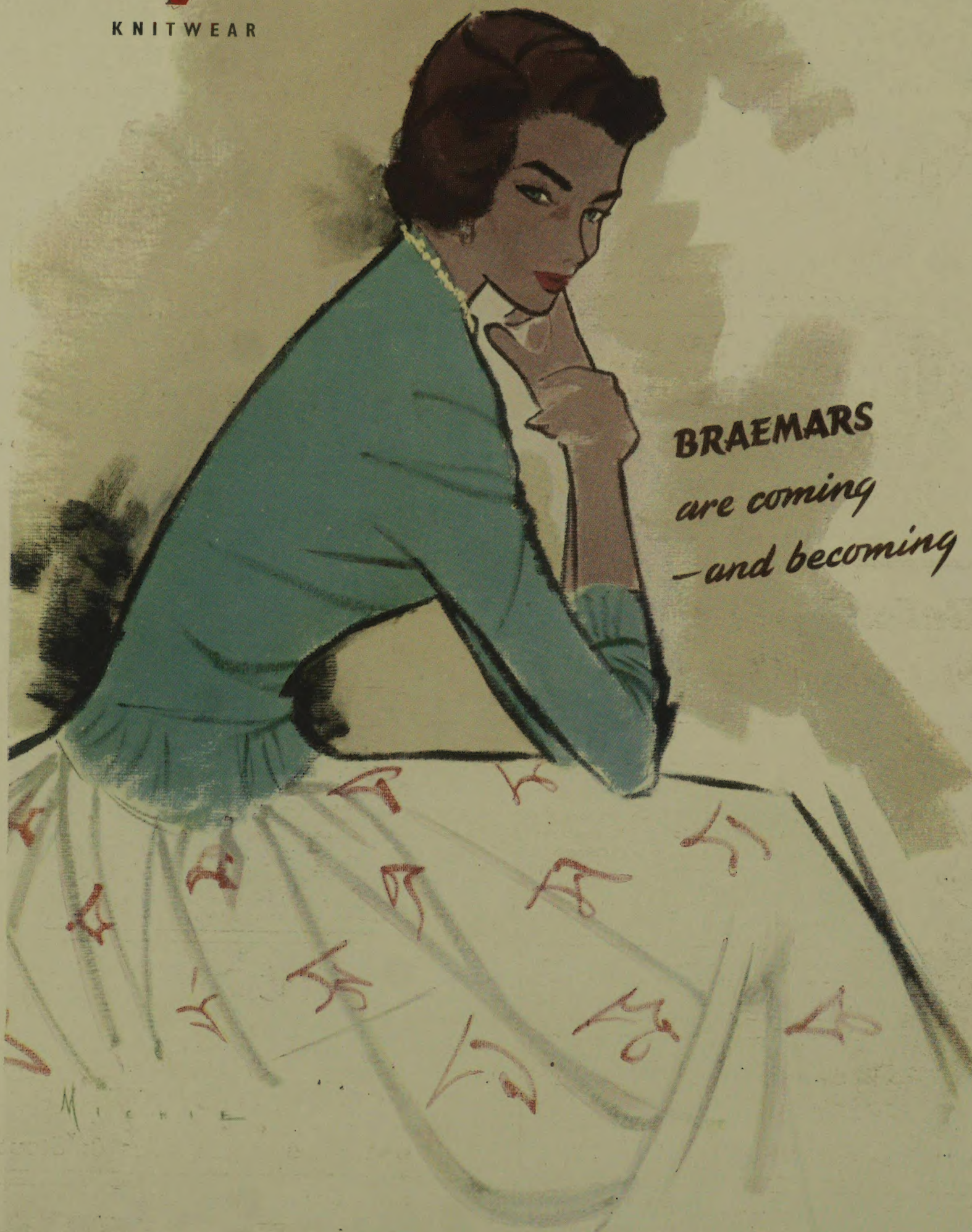
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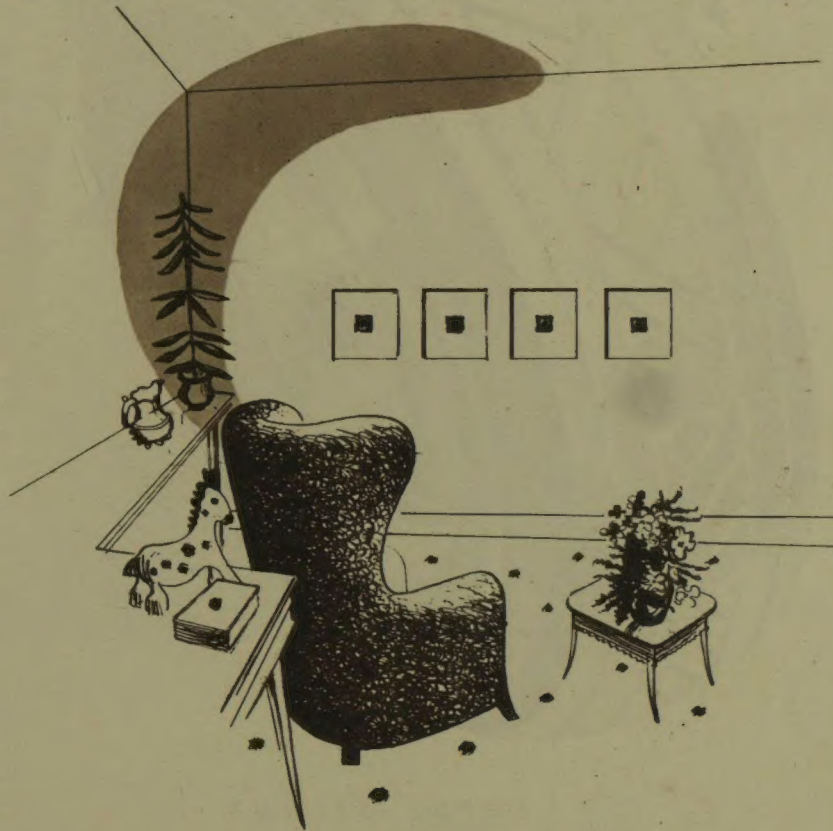
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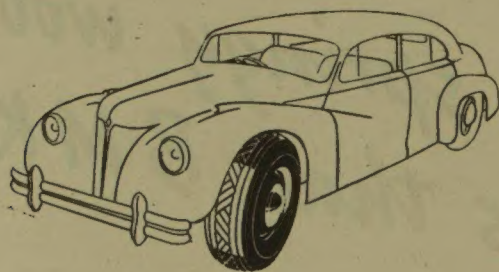
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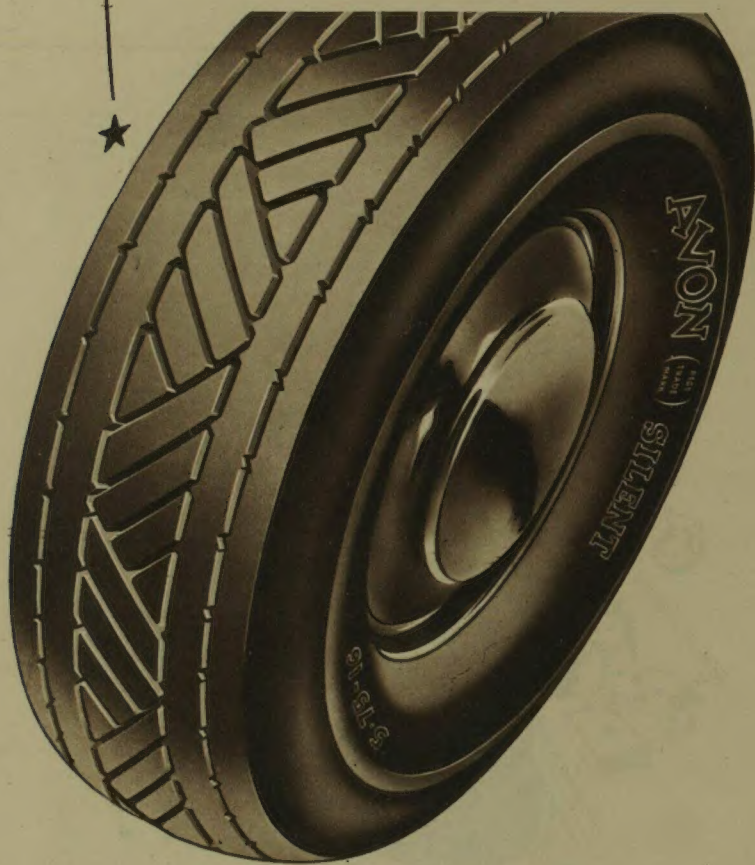


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SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1950.



**"THEY SAY THE LION AND THE LIZARD KEEP THE COURTS WHERE JAMSHYD GLORIED AND DRANK DEEP":
THE NEWLY-FOUND BANQUETING-HALL OF THE GHAZNAVID SULTANS-IN AFGHANISTAN.**

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article by M. Daniel Schlumberger, illustrated with some remarkable photographs, about the discovery and partial excavation by the *Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan* of a huge palace of the Ghaznavid Sultans who first extended Islam into India and who may be regarded therefore as the founders of modern Pakistan. The ruins,

which date from the eleventh century, are in an extremely high state of preservation and of very great extent. Our picture here is of part of the southern palace, looking through an archway across the central courtyard towards the blocked main entrance, in which a square window can be seen. This was taken before excavation and should be compared with Fig. 4 on page 459.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN October, 1816—when the harvest was lying un-gathered in the sodden fields and the factory workers were starving in the streets in the first great post-war slump—John Keats, a livery stableman's son studying to be an apothecary at St. Thomas's Hospital and then just twenty-one, after a night spent reading Chapman's "Homer" with a friend, returned to his dingy lodgings in the Borough and wrote, out of the blue, one of the greatest sonnets in the English language. No speech by Castlereagh, Brougham or Canning, no legislation of the time, no fortune made by contemporary cotton manufacturer or landed proprietor was to endure as long as this obscure young Londoner's flash of inspiration. A few months later, the flame of that wonderful genius flashed again into the dark, confused sky of his time in the opening lines of "Endymion." In the following January—that of 1818—Keats repeated for the third time, while still in his twenty-second year, the miracle of a flawless poem of the highest genius: the sonnet that starts: "When I have fears that I may cease to be," and ends with the poet, anticipating his own early death, standing—

on the shore
Of the wide world . . . alone . . .
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

The author of these poems, who was urged by a Blackwood reviewer when they appeared in book form to get back to his plasters, pills and ointment-boxes, was a little fellow, not five-feet-six high, with a pugnacious mouth—he once knocked-out a butcher in a stand-up fight for torturing a kitten—finely-cut, eager features and large, mellow eyes which at the recital of a noble action, Leigh Hunt recalled, would suffuse, while his lips trembled, with involuntary tears. About this time he wrote to a friend: "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth, whether it existed before or not." In this he set forth what in his brief life he was to do for his country and the world. Out of his obscure existence—that of a despised Cockney apothecary's apprentice turned rhymster—he was to create something of more lasting value for mankind than laws and battles, iron bridges and factory towns, political parties and economic principles, even than the Prince Regent's Grecian streets and Chinese palaces. He pursued his object with the same sense of dedication as the young Milton two centuries before, neither over-estimating nor under-estimating his talents, but, a more exacting judge of his own work than any critic, experimenting, pruning, studying—"lifting mental weights," as he called it—and watching with a patience and understanding far beyond his years the maturing of his own rare gifts—that accident of inheritance from his English ancestry that transcended the proudest lineage or greatest estate in the land. "I have written independently, without judgment," he wrote in October, 1818, "I may write independently and with judgment, hereafter. The genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man."

And all the while the magic leaven was rising. "The wind," he wrote, "is my wife, and the stars through my window-panes are my children. . . . I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds." In 1819, the year of

Peterloo, having finished "Hyperion," his genius flowered into its full, brief maturity. In January and February, staying at Chichester, he wrote the two

JACOB EPSTEIN'S MOST RECENT WORK.



BESIDE "LAZARUS," HIS NEW CARVING IN HOPTON WOOD STONE, AN IMPORTANT EXHIBIT IN THE SHOW OF HIS RECENT WORK AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: MR. JACOB EPSTEIN.



ONE OF THE TWENTY-FOUR VIVID PORTRAIT HEADS IN BRONZE EXHIBITED IN HIS CURRENT SHOW: "LADY MADELEINE LYTON," BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

Jacob Epstein's great carvings of Biblical subjects, which include "Genesis," "Jacob and the Angel," and "Ecce Homo," are among the most controversial and widely-discussed works produced by the man who is regarded by many as the finest living sculptor. Thus the exhibition of his new sacred carving representing Lazarus—still bound by his grave-clothes—returning to life, is an outstanding event in the world of art. The statue is in Hopton Wood stone, stands 7½ ft. high and weighs 1½ tons. It is on view at the Leicester Galleries, together with a series of fine bronze heads and portrait busts by Epstein, two of which we reproduce.



"KITTY," BY EPSTEIN: ONE OF THE SERIES OF BRILLIANTLY MODELLED PORTRAIT HEADS AND BUSTS ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION OF HIS RECENT WORK.

exquisite poems, "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "The Eve of St. Mark." In April and May, while the mediocrities who governed England were debating the return to gold and the deflationary policy that all but plunged the richest nation on earth into revolution, he produced in quick succession—musing in the groves of Hampstead and the Kilburn meadows—

the sonnets "Bright Star" and "Sleep," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the odes to Psyche, to Melancholy, to a Nightingale, on Indolence, and on a Grecian Urn.

Certain of these were contained in a long letter to his brother and sister-in-law in America—perhaps the most wonderful letter in English literature—full of tenderness, gossip, fancy, exquisite pictures of contemporary life, shrewdness, penetrating criticism, profound philosophy and humour; after copying out, for the first time, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and the lines "And there I shut her wild, wild eyes with kisses four," he continued: "Why four kisses? . . . I was obliged to choose an even number that both eyes might have fair play, and, to speak truly, I think two apiece quite sufficient; suppose I had said seven there would have been three and a half apiece—a very awkward affair."

In the course of this letter, describing himself as "straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness," he outlined his vision of existence: one, which like the still small voice out of the cloud, offered an explanation for and a synthesis of all the suffering, strife and confusion from which his country, on the morrow of so many triumphs, was suffering.

Circumstances are like clouds continually gathering and bursting. While we are laughing, the seed of some trouble is put into the wide arable land of events—while we are laughing it sprouts, it grows, and suddenly bears a poison fruit which we must pluck. . . . Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of mind: very few have been influenced by a pure desire of the benefit of others. . . . The great part of men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwavering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the hawk. The hawk wants a mate, so does the man—look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner. . . . I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a fieldmouse peeping out of the withered grass—the creature hath a purpose, and its eyes are bright with it. I go amongst the buildings of a city and I see a man hurrying along—to what? The creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it. . . . There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify, so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. . . . Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest man shows a grace in his quarrel. To a superior Being our reasoning may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists Poetry.

Keats's work on earth was nearly done. Shortly before, he had acquired the seeds of consumption from nursing a dying brother, and had fallen in love, with all the intensity of his nature, passionate, sensitive, with a girl who returned that love but whom he was unable to marry because of the generosity with which he had shouldered, from utterly inadequate resources, the financial burden of others. That autumn, staying at Winchester in the lovely summer of Peterloo, he wrote his last great poem, the ode to Autumn. A year later, wasted by disease and racked with

pain and separation from his love, he left England on his last journey to the cemetery at Rome. "I have loved," he wrote, "the principle of beauty in all things and if I had had time I should have made myself remembered." He had had time, but scarcely anyone save a few faithful and obscure disciples and his fellow poet, Shelley, were aware of it.

ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE OF THE IRISH GUARDS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH FIXING A SPRAY OF SHAMROCK IN HER COAT, WATCHED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

On March 17, St. Patrick's Day, H.M. the King, as Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, for the first time in his reign made the annual distribution of shamrock to the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards. This



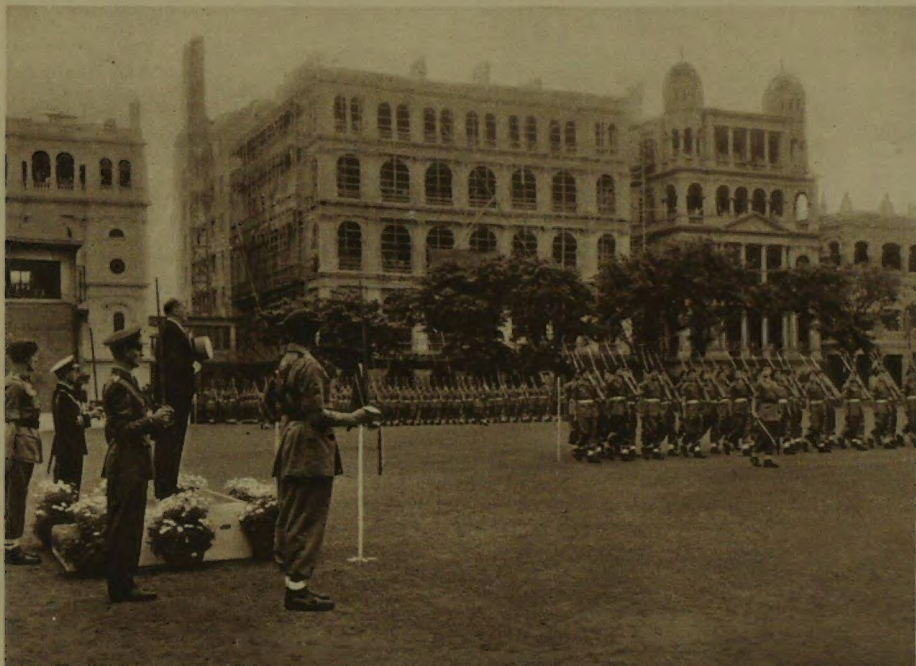
A ROYAL CELEBRATION OF THE IRISH GUARDS' JUBILEE: H.M. THE KING, AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, HANDING BASKETS OF SHAMROCK TO COMPANY COMMANDERS.

CELEBRATIONS, CEREMONIAL AND AN AIR TRAVEL RECORD.



A ROYAL SPECTATOR OF THE SHAMROCK DISTRIBUTION AT CHELSEA BARRACKS: H.M. THE QUEEN PINNING THE IRISH EMBLEM TO HER COAT DURING THE CEREMONY.

Royal occasion also marked the jubilee of the regiment. His Majesty was accompanied by the Queen, Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal, who was wearing the new uniform of the W.R.A.C.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A CEREMONIAL PARADE OF 40 COMMANDO, R.M., IN HONG KONG: H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM, AT THE MARCH-PAST.

On March 10 four troops of 40 Commando, Royal Marines, held a ceremonial parade on the Hong Kong Cricket Club ground, where they were inspected by the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. The 40th Commando were in the Dieppe Raid in June, 1942, and saw service in Sicily, Italy and Burma.



THE FIRST VISIT OF A RULING MONARCH TO PAKISTAN: H.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF MUHAMMAD IQBAL AT LAHORE.

The Shah of Persia, who has been visiting Pakistan, recently went to Lahore, where a ceremonial parade was held in his honour and the degree of Doctor of Laws (*honoris causa*) was conferred on him at a special Convocation of the Punjab University. He also toured the famous Badshahi Mosque.



FROM ENGLAND TO ROME IN 2 HOURS 2 MINS.: THE DE HAVILLAND COMET FOUR-JET AIRLINER WELCOMED ON ITS RETURN TO HATFIELD, HERTFORDSHIRE, ON MARCH 16.

On March 16 the world's first four-jet airliner, the de Havilland Comet, was flown by Group Captain John Cunningham from Hatfield Aerodrome to Rome in 2 hours 2 mins., thus establishing a new point-to-point record for the flight. Later on the same day it returned to Hatfield in 2 hours 5 mins.



THE CHAMPION JOCKEY RECEIVES HIS GOLDEN SPURS: THE EDITOR OF "SPORTING LIFE" MAKING THE PRESENTATION TO GORDON RICHARDS ON BEHALF OF THE PAPER.

At a lunch given by the *Sporting Life* to members of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee in London on March 14, the editor, Mr. A. B. Clements, presented a pair of golden spurs to Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, on behalf of the paper.

TO BE RAISED BY ROYAL CHARTER TO NAIROBI, THE ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE



THE SEAT OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL: THE MEMORIAL HALL IN NAIROBI. IN THE FOREGROUND THE BACK OF THE NATIVE WAR MEMORIAL CAN BE SEEN.



"NONE TO BE WORSHIPPED BUT ALLAH": THE LOVELY JAIMIE MOSQUE, WHICH IS THE PRINCIPAL MUSLIM PLACE OF WORSHIP IN NAIROBI.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL: NAIROBI TOWN HALL. THE COUNCIL IS PURSUING AN ENERGETIC POLICY OF TOWN PLANNING.



OPENED IN 1935: THE LAW COURTS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICES, WHICH WERE BUILT AT AN APPROXIMATE COST OF £130,000. IN THE GROUNDS OF THE LAW COURTS IS A STATUE OF KING GEORGE V.



IN THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF NAIROBI: SHELL HOUSE AND THE STANDARD BANK (RIGHT). THE EUROPEAN CENOTAPH CAN BE SEEN IN THE FRONT OF SHELL HOUSE (LEFT).



FORMERLY 6TH AVENUE, IN THE DAYS WHEN NAIROBI WAS A PIONEER VILLAGE: DELAMERE AVENUE, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.



A MEMORIAL TO SIR ROBERT CORYNDON, A FORMER GOVERNOR OF KENYA: THE CORYNDON MEMORIAL MUSEUM. THE CURATOR IS DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY, A WORLD EXPERT ON PRE-HISTORY.

NAIROBI, the capital of Kenya Colony, is celebrating its golden jubilee this year. To mark this occasion, H.M. King George VI. is raising the town of 120,000 persons to the status of a city, and the Duke of Gloucester, on behalf of his Majesty, will present the charter of incorporation to the Mayor of Nairobi on March 30. On March 11 the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester left London Airport on the first stage of their journey to Kenya, spending a night at Malta, a night at the British Embassy in Cairo, when they called on King Farouk, and a night at Khartoum. Before starting their official programme in Nairobi on March 30 the Duke and Duchess went to Rangai, 120 miles from Nairobi, where they were to spend a fortnight's holiday with Lord Francis Scott, the Duchess's uncle, on his farm. The city of Nairobi, where the Duke of Gloucester will make his first public appearance in

THE STATUS AND DIGNITY OF A CITY: AND CAPITAL OF KENYA COLONY.



THE GOVERNMENT BANK: THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, WHICH HAS A POLICE GUARD AT NIGHT. IN FIFTY YEARS NAIROBI HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CENTRES IN EAST AFRICA.



EVENING IN DELAMERE AVENUE, NAIROBI. IN THE FOREGROUND THE BACK OF THE BRONZE STATUE OF LORD DELAMERE, THE PIONEER SETTLER, CAN BE SEEN.



OPENED IN 1931: THE McMILLAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY ERECTED BY LADY McMILLAN IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, THE LATE SIR NORTHRUP McMILLAN.

the Colony, dates from 1899, when it became a railhead camp and railway stores depot in connection with the construction of the line from Mombasa to Uganda. To-day it is the most important centre in East Africa, and some of its modern buildings and broad thoroughfares can be seen in the photographs on this page. It is now assuming even greater importance as the home of the newly-established East African High Commission. The Municipal Council is pursuing an energetic policy of town planning and is to embark on a major five-year scheme. Most of the Government offices are grouped in City Square; Government Road and Harding Street are the business centre, Government Road being the principal shopping street. Many of the finest buildings in Nairobi are situated in Delamere Avenue and Harding Street, most of them built of a good grey stone quarried locally.



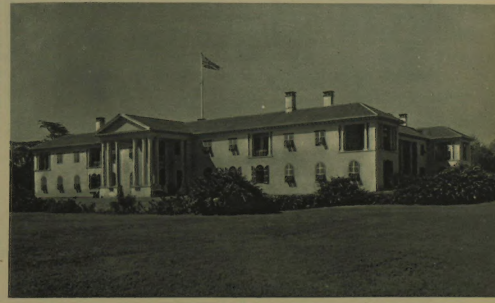
ONE OF THE OLDEST HOTELS IN NAIROBI: THE NORFOLK HOTEL, WHICH IS RUN ON MODERN LINES AND HAS HOT AND COLD WATER IN ALL THE ROOMS.



STARTED IN 1926, AND STILL UNCOMPLETED: THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL OF THE HIGHLANDS OF KENYA IN NAIROBI, WHERE A THANKSGIVING SERVICE WILL BE HELD.



IN THE STREET WHICH IS NAMED AFTER HIM: A STATUE OF LORD DELAMERE. THE NEW STANLEY HOTEL REPLACES A FORMER HOTEL WHICH WAS BURNED DOWN.



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHICH STANDS IN EXTENSIVE GROUNDS IN THE HILL DISTRICT. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PHILIP MITCHELL IS GOVERNOR AND C.-IN-C.

INHABITED CASTLES, AND ABBEY RUINS.



DUE TO COME UP FOR SALE ON MARCH 27: THE RUINS OF THE CISTERCIAN ABBEY (FOUNDED IN 1128) OF WAVERLEY, NEAR FARNHAM, SURREY.



A HISTORIC PILE, NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATION: DUNSTER CASTLE, WHOSE PURCHASE BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF CROWN LANDS WAS ANNOUNCED ON MARCH 14.



A BORDER STRONGHOLD, HOME OF THE PERCY FAMILY: ALNWICK CASTLE, WHICH THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND IS REOPENING TO THE PUBLIC THIS SUMMER.

In our issue of February 18 we gave photographs of stately homes of England no longer in use as private residences. On this page we publish photographs of two famous castles still inhabited by families which have owned them for centuries, though one, Dunster Castle, is now the property of the nation. Mr. Luttrell, whose family have owned Dunster for 600 years, sold the property last August to the Ashdale Land Company, and on March 14 it was announced that the Commissioners of Crown Lands had bought it, but that Mr. Luttrell would continue to live there. Dunster, built in 1370, has an unbroken record of inhabitation. Alnwick Castle, built by Ivo de Vesci in the early twelfth century and purchased by Henry Percy in 1309, is famous in Border history. It was the strongest of Northumbrian castles. It was shown to the public before the war, and the Duke of Northumberland is reopening it to visitors this summer. Waverley Abbey, near Farnham, founded for "white monks" (Cistercians) by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, in 1128, is a picturesque ruin situated on the margin of the Wey, near Farnham, Surrey.

DESERTED MEETING-PLACE IN SEROWE.

The Bamangwato tribe completely boycotted the meeting, or *kgotla*, called at Serowe on March 13 by Sir Evelyn Baring, High Commissioner for Basutoland and Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland, to hear a statement on the position of Seretse Khama. Senior headmen of the tribe were called to a meeting for half an hour later, but they did not attend. It was reported that pickets had turned the tribesmen back, but that no intimidation was used. Sir Evelyn Baring explained at a Press conference later at the Residency that there would be no change in the general policy in the Bechuanaland Protectorate following the suspension of the native chieftainship, and added that except for reasons of law and order there would be no interference with the movements of Seretse Khama's wife while she was in her present condition. He said that the Union Government had made no approach to the British Government in regard to Seretse Khama. Certain tribal leaders announced their intention not to pay taxes unless they have the authority of their hereditary chief. Seretse Khama postponed his permitted return to Bechuanaland to collect evidence for his lawsuit, till after the publication of the White Paper.



THE ONLY NATIVES WHO ATTENDED THE *KGOTLA*, OR MEETING, CALLED BY SIR EVELYN BARING AT SEROWE ON MARCH 13: NATIVE SUPPORTERS OF TSHEKEDI.



EXPLAINING THE SITUATION CAUSED BY THE BAMANGWATO BOYCOTT OF THE MEETING TO HEAR THE STATEMENT ON SERETSE KHAMA: SIR EVELYN BARING (SEATED; GLASSES), HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR BASUTOLAND, BECHUANALAND AND SWAZILAND.



THE BOYCOTTED MEETING-PLACE AT SEROWE: THE TRIBAL MEETING WAS CALLED TO HEAR A STATEMENT ON THE POSITION OF SERETSE KHAMA ON MARCH 13.

ATHLETICS, ROMANCE, ENGINEERING: RECENT FINE ACHIEVEMENTS.



RAISING THE INTER-UNIVERSITY RECORD BY 5 INS.: A. J. BURGER (STELLENBOSCH, S.A., AND HERTFORD COLLEGE, OXFORD) CLEARING 13 FT. IN THE POLE-VAULT.

The University Sports, which took place at the White City Stadium on March 18, were expected to provide a rather close finish, but were won with surprising ease by Oxford by 76 points to 50. Despite high wind and a heavy track, there were some very good performances, nearly every man equalling or beating his previous best. We illustrate the high-lights of the occasion. R. G. Bannister's mile victory (in record time) was the fourth consecutive occasion on which he has won this event—



WINNING THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MILE FOR THE FOURTH TIME RUNNING AND IN RECORD TIME: R. G. BANNISTER (U.C.S. AND EXETER, OXFORD).

THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS, AND FACETS OF MODERN INGENUITY.

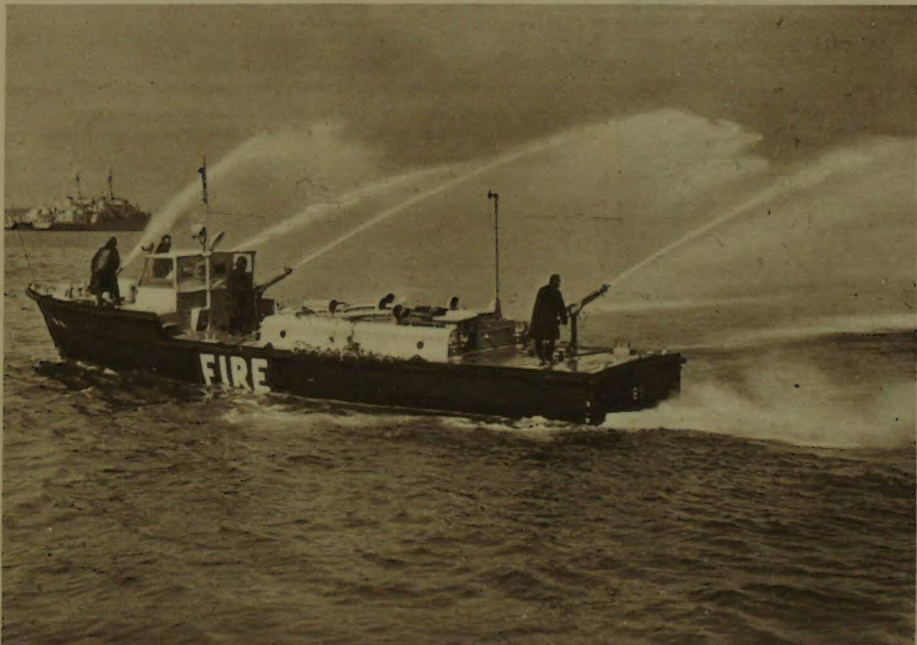


(RIGHT.) S. J. BRYANT (DORCHESTER C.S. AND LINCOLN, OXFORD) FORCING A DEAD-HEAT FINISH IN THE HALF-MILE WITH THE CAMBRIDGE PRESIDENT, A. W. SCOTT (SEDBERGH AND ST. JOHN'S).

a feat equalled only by F. J. K. Cross (Oxford) (1886-89) and W. E. Lutyens (Cambridge) (1892-95), A. J. Burger, a freshman to Oxford from South Africa, beat the Inter-University pole-vault record by 5 ins., and just failed to make a new British national record. Another Oxford freshman, S. J. Bryant, ran a memorable dead-heat in the half-mile with the Cambridge President, A. W. Scott, making a remarkable effort to draw level in the last 30 yards.

(RIGHT.) DIVING FOR THE TREASURE OF A SPANISH ARMADA GALLEON: A VIEW SHOWING THE TWO NAVAL CRAFT AND, BETWEEN THEM, THE BUOY MARKING THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS—IN TOBERMORY BAY.

On March 2 an official statement strayed into the realms of romance when the Admiralty announced that they had "entered into a contract with the Duke of Argyll to undertake, on a repayment basis, some diving operations in Tobermory Bay, in the Island of Mull, in an attempt to locate a wrecked Spanish galleon, alleged to be lying there submerged." And two small craft under the command of Lieut.-Commander R. Parkinson, R.N., were detailed for the task. Legend describes the galleon as the *Florencia*, and the treasure as amounting to as much as £2,000,000, though experts reduce this to £300,000.



DEMONSTRATING ITS POWER TO DIRECT 5000 GALLONS OF FOAM OR 1400 GALLONS OF WATER A MINUTE: THE R.A.F.'S NEW FIRE-FLOAT NO. 81, EXHIBITED IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

On March 15 two new R.A.F. fire-floats, both prototypes built by Vosper, Ltd., for the Ministry of Supply, were demonstrated in Portsmouth Harbour. No. 81 is 60 ft. long, and built of aluminium alloy, No. 80 being of mild steel and slightly smaller. Both have a 100-mile radius of action, are powered by Diesel engines, and are a great advance on the types they will replace.



A CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN MONOPOLY OF HEAVY MOTORISED EQUIPMENT: THE NEW ALL-BRITISH BLAW-KNOX "GOLIATH" EARTH-SCRAPER DEMONSTRATED IN KENT.

The first British self-propelled earth-scraper, the Blaw-Knox "Goliath," was recently demonstrated at Swanscombe. It took a 20-ton "bite" of sandy soil overlying chalk, carried it nearly a mile over rough ground at 20 m.p.h., and deposited it at the dumping point. This and the "Mighty Antar" heavy lorry (illustrated in our issue of March 4) are both designed for use in the Middle East oil-fields.

THE STORY BEHIND AN EMPIRE.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND: By KEITH FEILING.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not taken from the book reviewed here.

THE history of England must obviously be constantly rewritten: time lapses, new facts are discovered, new moods and tempers set in and prompt people to rectify (as they believe) the scales of justice which have been unduly weighed down by people with other opinions, or even prejudices. Immediately after the event the victorious party usually writes the history and, what is more, teaches it in the schools. Before Hitler, who taught the children that every misfortune had to be ascribed to the Jews, and before Stalin, who teaches the Russian children that the late war was a single-handed struggle of a noble, democratic peace-loving Russia against a voracious and rapacious capitalist world, dominant parties (though in a rather fairer and milder way) have narrated and interpreted history in such ways as would influence people in their own direction. Too long persistence in such special pleading for one side leads ultimately to a reaction: in our own day we have seen a strong swing over in favour of the Stuarts: and it is likely that if Mr. Douglas Jerrold continues the History of which he has produced a first volume, the strong ray of his intelligence will illuminate ignored aspects of every part of our history.

Professor Feiling has no room, even if he has the inclination, for much in the way of new interpretation or revaluation, or for the digestion of the results of the latest research: his business has been to write a narrative much on the lines of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," which was published over seventy years ago and originally stopped at 1815; a narrative meant, I take it, to provide a framework into which further information may later be fitted, with an especial address to the upper forms of schools, to undergraduates, and to laymen who have missed a formal education and have become curious about the "whence" and the "how" of their existence—the "whither" is a more uncertain, and perhaps a murkier, matter. It is, like Green's, a work in one volume: though it is so large a volume that, as I read it, the nerves of my aching arms suggested to my brain that division into two volumes would have been welcome. Over a third of its pages are devoted to a period with which Green (his widow added an epilogue in 1916) did not deal, and he has brought the narrative up to 1938.

He saves some space—he has a brief prologue about the infiltrations of Rhineland tribes and Romans—by beginning his story with the "Coming of the English." "English" is a question-begging word if it is supposed to imply exclusive derivation from those savage Saxon raiders who sacked, burned and settled in Roman Britain, most certainly mingled with the population (how else would the British names of the rivers have survived?), were civilised again until they produced Bede, Alcuin and Alfred and the lovely verse in the "Exeter Book," and then had a taste of their old medicine from the heathen Danes. A very great antiquary who was a friend of mine used to assert that (apart from recent immigrants and persons in secluded hill-country) everybody in England had the blood of King John (I am happy to think I wasn't named after him) in him. By the same token, as most conquerors, after the first bloody onslaughts, prefer (witness the Jews with the Canaanites) to enslave rather than to exterminate, we must all of us have in our blood that of the Britons, of the legionaries, and of our Stone Age men—leaving out of account the fact of the centuries-long intermarriage with the Welsh, who retain their language, and the Cornish, whose language did not die out until the eighteenth century. But had Professor Feiling really settled down to summarise all that is known about England before the Counts of the Saxon Shore ceased to be able to cope with the Saxons, he would never, in one volume, have got to 1938, Munich, Hitler, and the colossal modern tangle of legislation, regulation, State organisation, prohibition, subsidy and taxation which would have appalled the Liberal mind of Green and disturbed the first promoters of a tiny income tax, who deplored it as being inquisitorial, if necessary, and looked forward to its abolition. The old Liberal

"slogan" was "peace, retrenchment and reform." Peace we must all hope for; the Liberal "reforms" have been achieved; the referees as to how peace can best be maintained, including every boy and girl over twenty-one; "retrenchment," in an age when the State delights in taxation as a means of directing all our lives, is seldom mentioned. When Green wrote, the Poet Laureate was able to rejoice in the prospect of "Freedom slowly broadening down, From precedent to precedent." Professor Feiling has no such emotional advantage. When Green wrote, the Empire was still expanding, and we were confident in our mission to backward races: Professor Feiling has to face the fact that, in the name of "democracy" we have cut the ties with the India we were helping, and left it to massacre, as Burma to chaos. He is eloquent about the Indian facts: "Fifty million

depressed classes, ignored socially and religiously despised, underlie the Hindu priestly and educated castes, and a few hundred miles may take one from the philosophers and poets of Bengal to tribes which worship images daubed in ochre, make a religion of sexual animalism, or dedicate their daughters as temple prostitutes. Bhils and criminal castes, hill tribes whose women are beasts of burden, jungle-dwellers, make the other side of the account, headed by the powerful Moslem gentry of Oudh, Rajputs whose feudal vassals still carry the sword, or the wealthy Parsi merchants of Bombay. These cleavages are the final force in a Continent which, not a century ago, was gripped in war and subject to brigands."

Ten millions out of 390 millions in India, he says, can read and write their own languages. They were "dependent on a favourable rain for their next year's livelihood, and on British-made law as against landlord and money-lender." The rain may still come at the right time and in the right quantity; for the rest, we (or, rather, our governors) have left India to her own devices.

These last chapters of Professor Feiling's are his best. It would be too much to expect him to provide character-sketches of all the most important figures in his story: he has room only for names and, sometimes, brief illustrative sayings. He does not, as a whole, write as picturesquely as Green; sometimes his narrative is so flatly crowded with facts that it puts one in mind of those chronicles of the year's events which quite usefully fill, if they do

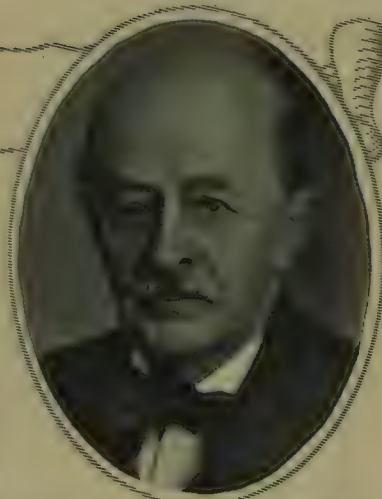
not adorn, the pages of "Whitaker's Almanack" and similar publications. But he does occasionally allow himself to rise to the occasion, as in his pages about our literary outbreak in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the paragraph about Donne alone shows what he could have done had he not compelled himself to the task of putting thousands of years into a thimble. And his eyes are able to look upon one vista which in Green's time was barely visible.

Disraeli, be it remembered, thought that the Colonies (they are now called by the less accurate name of Dominions) would "drop off like ripe fruit." They are now members of a Commonwealth which two Great Wars have proved to be more firmly bound together by moral and sentimental and family ties than they ever could have been by legal bonds. And, our eyes no longer centred upon India, we are affording time to devote rather more attention (witness the efforts of the Colonial Development Corporation, in spite of its misguided attempt to get us eggs from Gambia) to the Crown Colonies. Professor Feiling notes the fact that British immigration to the Dominions dropped deplorably during the end of his period: it has risen again; the Dominions (Australia, especially, after the Japanese threat) are clamouring for men, and we are certainly over-populated. The Empire is not, Professor Feiling regrets, "economically self-sufficient," and comments on the proportion of meat and coffee which we get from foreign countries. It doesn't mean that we couldn't, with proper management (oil is another matter) supply ourselves with these commodities; and the inhabitants of the West Indies would be only too delighted to reinforce our supplies of sugar.

The historian is obliged to admit that, as a result of the wars, we are going through a thin time. Whether the right steps are being taken to mitigate our hardships and improve our prospects is a matter not for him, but for the politicians, of the present, and the historians of the future.

There is a genealogical table of those strange Saxon kings: it seems remoter than Stonehenge.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 472 of this issue.



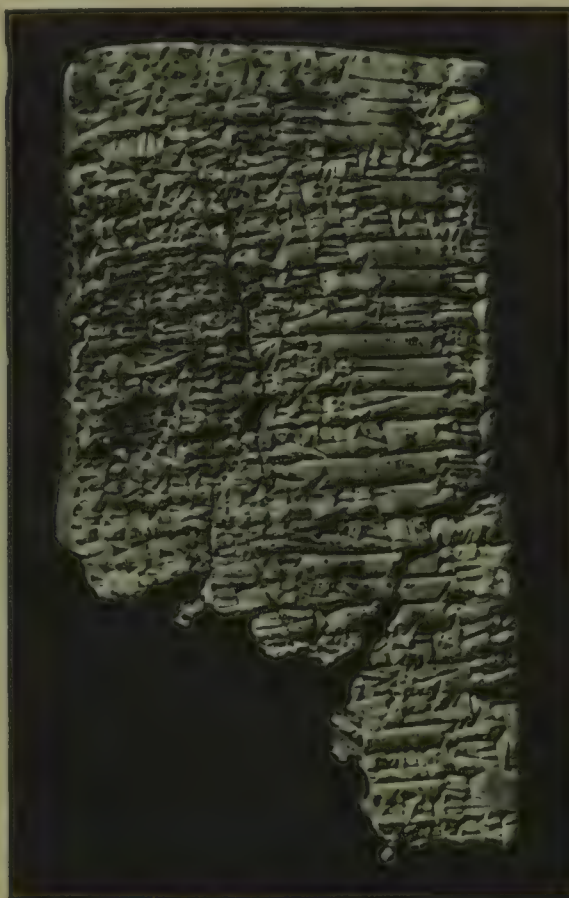
PROFESSOR KEITH FEILING, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Professor Feiling, who was born in 1884, has been Chichele Professor of Modern History, Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls' College since 1946. He was University Lecturer in Modern History, 1928-36; and Ford's Lecturer in English History, 1931-32. He has written a number of historical works and a biography of the late Neville Chamberlain.



A WEDDING GIFT FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH FROM THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES: A SIXTY-PAGE BOOK TO WHICH EACH COUNTY ASSOCIATION CONTRIBUTED A PAGE—THE DEDICATION PAGE SHOWING THE CRESTS OF THE COUNTIES.

On March 14 the Countess of Albemarle, chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, presented Princess Elizabeth with a wedding present which has taken two years to produce. It is a sixty-page volume, to which each county association contributed a page. Bound in red deer-skin and tooled with gold leaf, it is specially representative of the movement, of which the Princess is a member. The lettering, binding and most of the illustrations were the work of members.



A MURDER OF NEARLY 4000 YEARS AGO: THE SUCCESSFUL PROSECUTION OF A MURDERER, INSCRIBED ON A CLAY TABLET FOUND RECENTLY AT NIPPUR, IN IRAQ.

A joint archaeological expedition from the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago recently found at Nippur, in Iraq, a clay tablet nearly 4000 years old on which the successful prosecution of a murderer is recorded. The tablet, which is shown here actual size, is inscribed on both sides in cuneiform writing and contains the complete record of an ancient Sumerian murder trial. The part of the text missing from the lower left corner was found on a small fragment unearthed fifty years ago, on the same site.

*"A History of England: From the Coming of the English to 1918." By Keith Feiling. Maps and Genealogical Tables. (Macmillan; 30s.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR NORMAN HAWORTH.

Died on March 18, aged sixty-six. He was a distinguished chemist and was president of the Chemical Society from 1944-46, and Vice-Principal of Birmingham University, 1947-48. He was appointed chairman of the Chemistry Research Board in 1947. In 1934 he was awarded the Davy Medal of the Royal Society and in 1937 he shared the Nobel Prize for Chemistry for his research on carbohydrate and Vitamin C.



GENERAL SIR JOHN T. CROCKER.

Appointed Adjutant-General to the Forces in succession to General Sir James Steele. In 1947 he went from the Southern Command to the Middle East as Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces. General Crocker commanded an armoured brigade with the B.E.F. in 1940, and afterwards formed the celebrated 6th Armoured Division. He commanded I Corps in Tunisia and in the invasion of N.-W. Europe.



SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK.

Designated to succeed General Sir Brian Robertson as United Kingdom High Commissioner in Germany. He has been Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the German section of the Foreign Office since 1948. During the war he was seconded to the Ministry of Information as director of the foreign division, and later to the B.B.C. as Controller of European services. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1919.



THE MAYOR OF NAIROBI.

Alderman F. R. C. Woodley, the Mayor of Nairobi, is to receive from the Duke of Gloucester on March 30 a Royal Charter raising Nairobi to the status and dignity of a city. The Lord Mayor of London is to send a message to the Charter Mayor of Nairobi. Photographs of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, which is celebrating its golden jubilee, appear on pages 446-447.



COLONEL A. E. YOUNG.

Elected as Commissioner of Police of the City of London in succession to Sir Hugh Turnbull, who is to retire shortly. Colonel Young, who is forty-three, is at present an Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. He was appointed Director of Public Safety, Allied Control Commission for Italy, in 1943.



THE NEW C.-IN-C. PLYMOUTH: ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR (RIGHT).

In a ceremony at Plymouth on March 16, Admiral Sir Robert Burnett, the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, transferred his command to Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor. They can be seen in our photograph at Admiralty House, Plymouth, after the ceremony when massed bands of the Royal Marines beat. "Retreat."



AWARDED THE 1949 BINNEY MEDAL: MR. SLEET RECEIVING THE MEDAL FROM LORD WAVELL.

Mr. R. W. Sleet, a thirty-year-old furniture polisher of Bethnal Green, London, was presented with the 1949 Binney Memorial Medal by Lord Wavell at a ceremony at County Hall, Westminster, on March 16. Last August Mr. Sleet caught a burglar who appeared to be armed and who threatened to cut Mr. Sleet's throat.



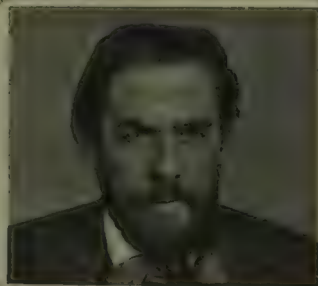
MR. EDGAR R. BURROUGHS.

Died at Tarzana, California, on March 19, aged seventy-four. He was a prolific writer of adventure stories and the creator of Tarzan. Many of his books, which were made into films, dealt with Tarzan, a mythical person of great strength, familiar with the brute beasts and forces of nature.

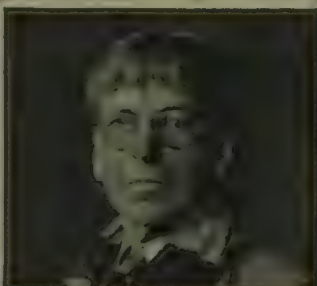


Mlle. AJA VRZANOVA.

The eighteen-year-old Czechoslovak world figure-skating champion who has decided not to return to her native country. The Home Office has given her permission to remain in Britain. She was due to return this month, but stayed behind when the rest of the Czechoslovak team, which had competed for the world championships at Wembley, flew home.



MR. R. O. DUNLOP.



MR. STANLEY SPENCER.

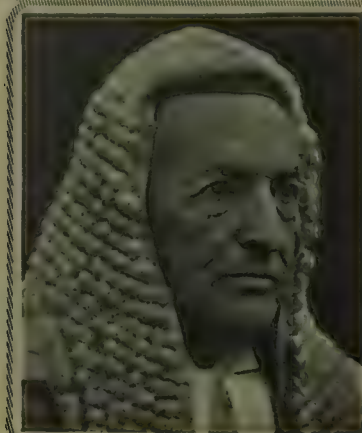
RECENTLY ELECTED AS ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

The Royal Academy of Arts announced on March 14 that at a general assembly of Academicians and Associates Mr. Stanley Spencer and Mr. R. O. Dunlop were elected Royal Academicians. Mr. Spencer, who resigned from the Royal Academy fifteen years ago, was readmitted as an Associate member last January. Mr. Dunlop, who has been an Associate member since 1939, was one of the founders of the Emotionist Group of Painters and Writers. He is noted for his self-portraits, of which he has completed over fifty since his student days.



MISS MARGARET VAUGHAN.

Received the Albert Medal from the King at an Investiture at Buckingham Palace on March 14. Margaret, aged fifteen, of the Penarth County High School for Girls, received the medal for her bravery in rescuing two boy scouts from drowning off Sully Island, near Penarth, when she had to swim against a strong tide.



MR. JUSTICE LEWIS.

Died on March 15, aged sixty-eight. He had been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1935. The trial of Brian Hume for the murder of Stanley Setty had to be restarted after one day's hearing because of his sudden illness. In 1946 he was appointed chairman of the committee set up to inquire into the court-martial system.



IN SWITZERLAND FOR TALKS WITH KING LEOPOLD: THE BELGIAN POLITICAL LEADERS (L. TO R.):

M. GILLON; M. EYSKENS, THE PREMIER; AND M. VAN CAUWELAERT.

On March 14, the Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Eyskens, was received by King Leopold at Pregny, near Geneva, where they had talks on the results of the referendum on the King's future. On March 16, with M. Eyskens in attendance, the King received the Presidents of the two Houses of the Belgian Parliament, M. Gillon, the Liberal President of the Senate, and M. van Cauwelaert, the Christian Socialist President of the House of Representatives. The King delivered a statement to them in which he placed upon Parliament the responsibility for deciding whether he should resume his constitutional functions. On March 18, the Belgian Cabinet resigned.



SIR RALPH FREEMAN.

Died on March 11, aged sixty-nine. He was an outstanding civil engineer whose most famous work, apart from five large bridges in the Rhodesias, was the Sydney Harbour bridge, completed in 1932. He was personally responsible for the design and erection procedure of this bridge, which is the heaviest arch bridge in the world.

THE MARCONI MARINE JUBILEE EXHIBITION: WIRELESS CABINS, 1900-1950.



1900: THE WIRELESS EQUIPMENT ABOARD THE *ST. PAUL* BY MEANS OF WHICH NEWS OF THE SOUTH AFRICA WAR WAS RECEIVED FOR INCLUSION IN THE FIRST RADIO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED AT SEA, THE "TRANSATLANTIC TIMES."



1910: AN ENTIRELY NEW DEPARTURE IN RECEIVING TECHNIQUE, THE MAGNETIC DETECTOR, WHICH PRODUCES AN AURAL SIGNAL IN HEADPHONES, IS BROUGHT INTO USE.



1920: THE YEAR IN WHICH MARCONI DIRECTION-FINDERS WERE INSTALLED IN WIRELESS CABINS AND RECEIVING-VALVES WERE COMING INTO USE.



1930: VALVES ARE IN GENERAL USE FOR TRANSMISSION AS WELL AS RECEPTION AND THE AUTOMATIC ALARM BECOMES A STANDARD FITTING.



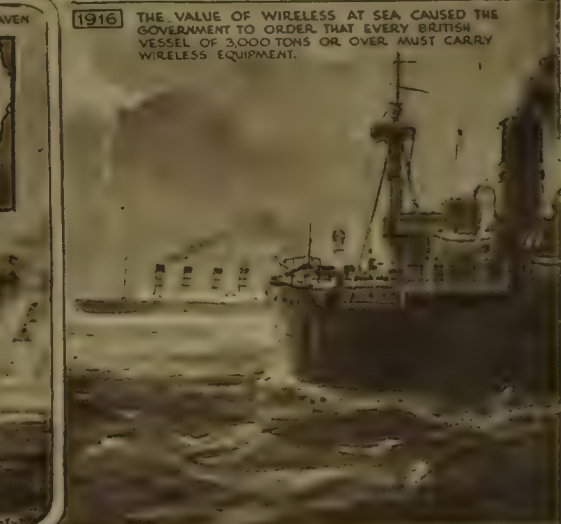
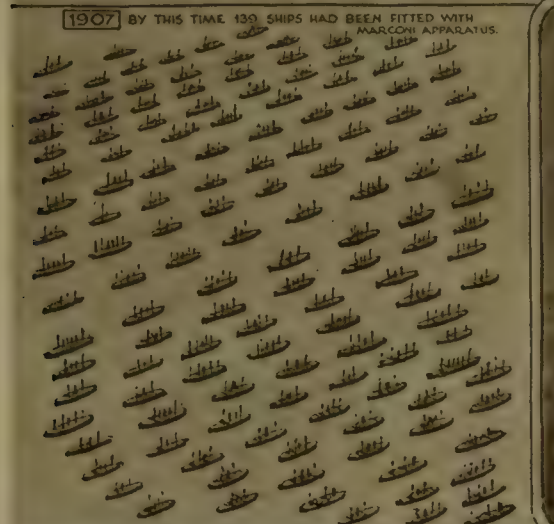
1940: THE SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER SHOWN IN THIS CABIN BRINGS ABOUT A TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN THE RANGE OF MARINE COMMUNICATION.



1950: A TYPICAL LINER INSTALLATION OF TO-DAY, WITH THE SHORT- AND MEDIUM-WAVE TRANSMITTERS COMBINED IN ONE INSTRUMENT AND RADIOTELEPHONE FACILITIES.

The Marconi International Marine Communication Co., now celebrating its jubilee, is marking the event with an exhibition which opened on March 24 at the Baltic Exchange. Among the exhibits are the series of wireless cabins illustrated on this page, which show the progressive improvement, in steps of a decade each, in wireless installations, from the cupboard-like radio room of the *S.S. St. Paul* in 1900, to the spacious accommodation aboard the liner of to-day. In fifty years the equipment has grown from a Spark Transmitter, tuned to about 200 metres, using a Leyden-jar condenser and a Coherer Receiver employing as its detector a glass tube containing metal filings which, "cohering"

on the reception of a wireless signal, permitted current to flow through a relay operating either a Morse inker or an alarm bell, to the "Worldspan," combining short and medium-wave-transmitters in one instrument, and the "Reliance," a battery-operated valve transmitter tunable over 365 to 525 kc/s. Also in the exhibition is a Chartroom in which are shown the main display unit of the new Marconi "Radiolocator IV." radar equipment and the dual-purpose "Visagraph" echometer, which provides either an instantaneous "flash" indication of soundings or a contour graph of the sea-bed, as desired. Landmarks in the history of the Marconi Company are illustrated on the facing page.

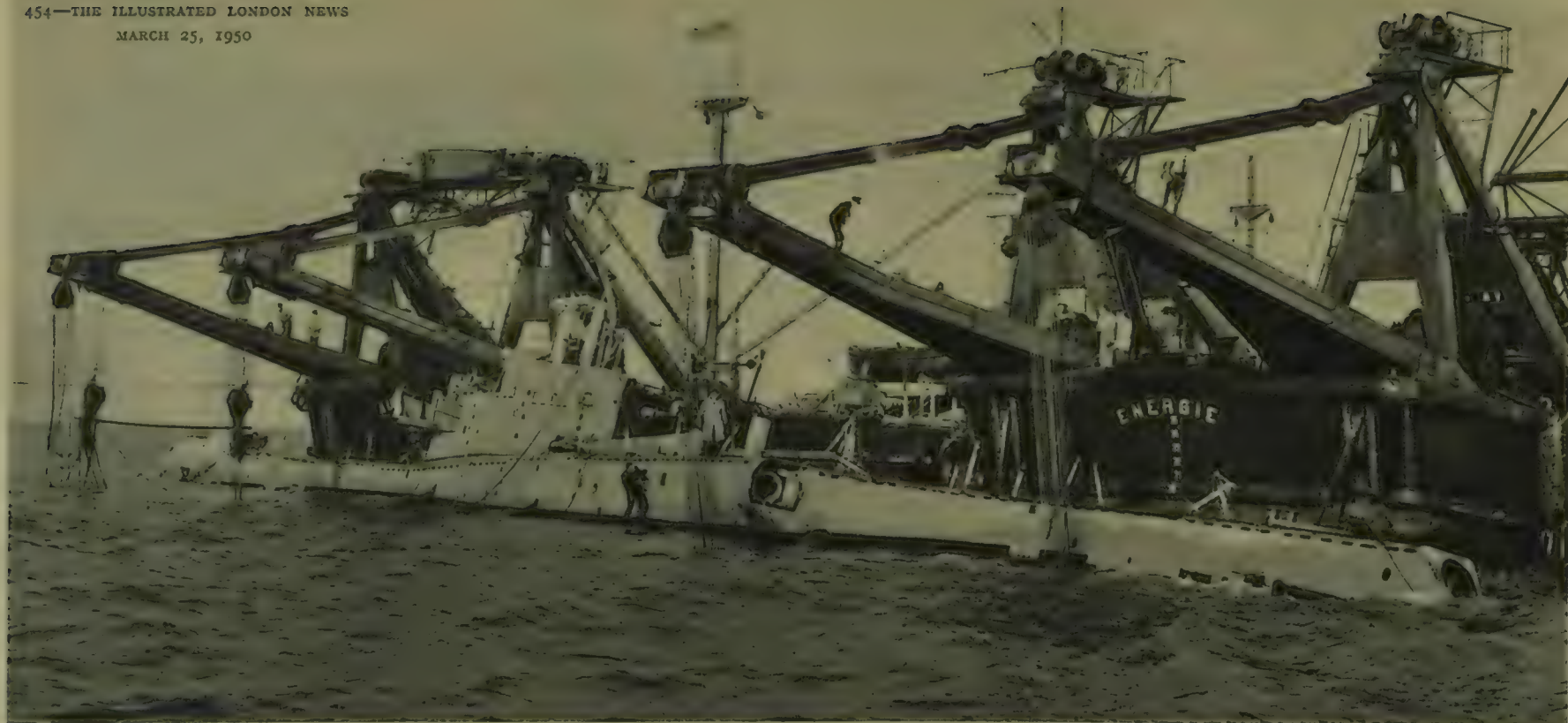


A MARVEL OF THE MODERN WORLD: THE JUBILEE OF THE PIONEER MARINE WIRELESS COMPANY.

Next month the Marconi International Marine Communication Co. is celebrating the jubilee of its formation to develop the ideas of a young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, who in 1896 had come to England to continue experiments with his invention of wireless telegraphy. His progress was rapid and, in 1899, the first wireless message was sent across the English Channel. In the same year, Marconi, travelling from America in the liner *St. Paul*, sent and received the first really long-distance message between ship and shore by getting in touch with his station near the Needles, Isle of Wight, a distance of 66 nautical miles. In 1901 the first Transatlantic wireless signal was received by Marconi himself at St. John's, Newfoundland, from Poldhu, Cornwall, over 2,170 miles away, and the British liner *Lake Champlain* became the first ocean-going ship to be fitted with wireless. The first mercantile wireless officer, F. S. Stacey, operated his set in a small cabin 4 ft. 6 ins. by 3 ft. 6 ins. By 1907 139 merchant ships had been equipped with Marconi's apparatus, and its value in saving life at sea was soon, and dramatically, demonstrated. In 1909 the liner *Republic*, carrying 761 passengers and crew, was in collision with the Italian emigrant steamer *Florida* in very thick weather, some 175 miles west of the Ambrose

Light vessel. The radio officer in the *Republic* stayed at his post to send out distress signals, which were picked up by several vessels, and eventually the liner *Baltic* arrived and took off not only the passengers of the *Republic* but also the emigrants from the badly-damaged *Florida*. In 1910 wireless was used to inform the police that Dr. Crippen and his associate, Ethel le Neve, who were wanted for murder, were aboard the liner *Montrose* on the way to Canada. Detectives sailed immediately in a faster ship and arrested Crippen aboard the *Montrose* before she docked. In April, 1912, wireless summoned help to the survivors of the *Titanic* disaster, and later, in World War I., played an important part in land and sea operations. By means of wireless direction-finding, a new development, the Admiralty discovered that the German High Seas Fleet was putting to sea, and this information led to the meeting of the two fleets in the Battle of Jutland. In 1916 every British vessel of over 3,000 tons was required by law to carry wireless, and in 1927 the first wireless telephony was fitted in the British liner *Victorian*. Four years later the first supersonic Echometer was installed in a British merchant ship, and to-day over 12,000 ships are equipped to transmit and receive radio messages and 200 major ports have wireless installations.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION CO. LTD.



STILL HELD BY MULTIPLE STEEL HAWSERS FROM ENORMOUS DERRICKS ON THE LIFTING CRAFT *ENERGIE* AND *AUSDAUER*: *TRUCULENT* LYING BEACHED ON CHENEY SPIT, A SANDBANK OFF SHEERNESS, WHITHER SHE HAD BEEN TOWED ON MARCH 14, AFTER RAISING.



IN POSITION BEFORE THE OPERATION OF RAISING *TRUCULENT* WAS CARRIED OUT ON MARCH 14: AN AIR VIEW OF THE LIFTING CRAFT.



PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 4 BEFORE THE OPERATION: A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, ILLUSTRATING EXACTLY HOW THE LIFTING VESSELS OPERATED. THEY WERE MOORED AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE, AND THE SPUD PONTON ACTED AS SPACING FENDER.



BEING EXAMINED BY EXPERTS: THE BADLY-DAMAGED FORWARD TORPEDO COMPARTMENT IN THE HULL OF *TRUCULENT*, THE ACTUAL POINT OF IMPACT IN THE COLLISION WITH THE *DIVINA*.

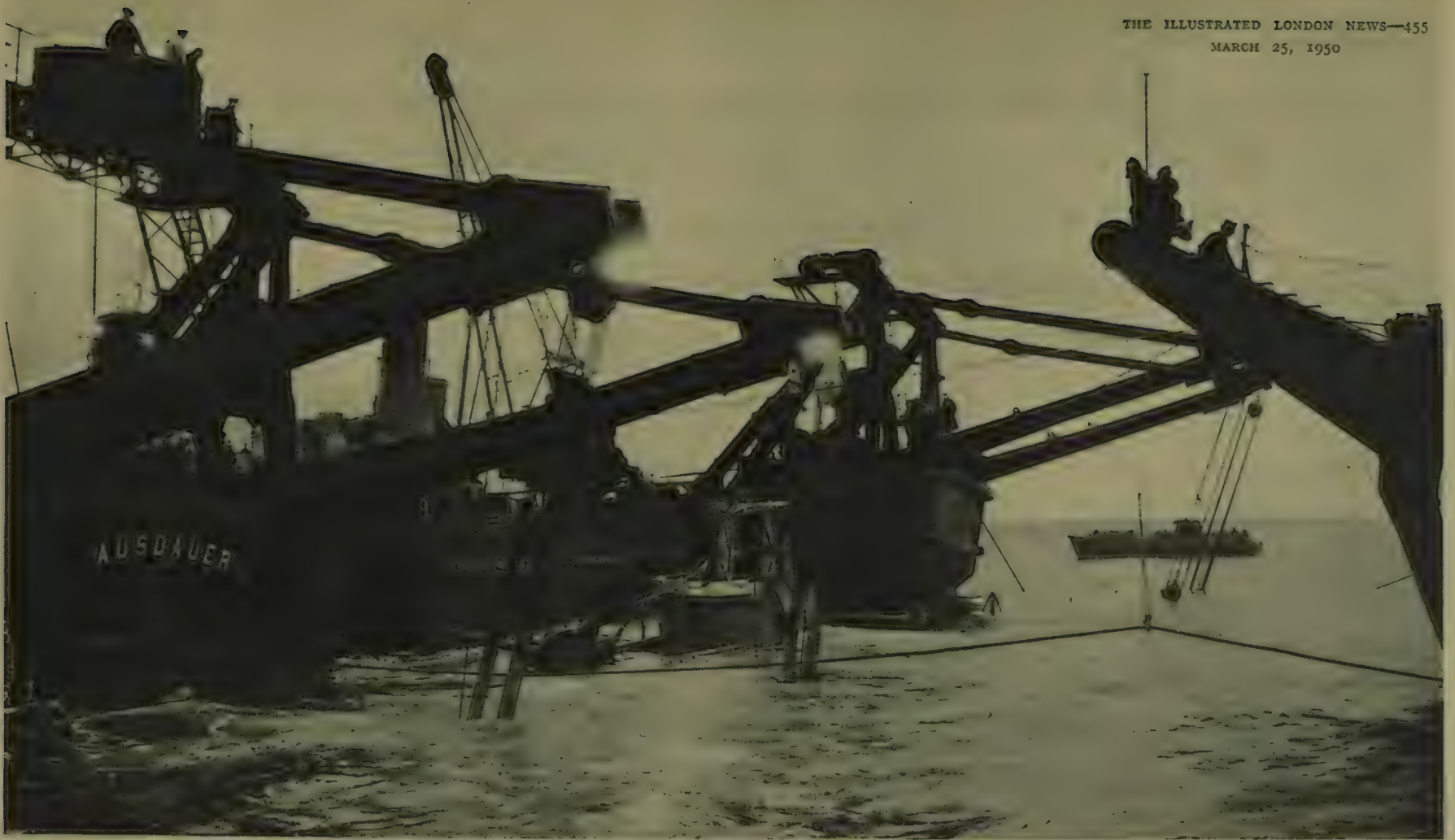


WATCHING THE LIFTING OPERATION: ADMIRAL SIR HENRY MOORE (LEFT), COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF THE NORE, AND CAPTAIN L. A. K. BOSWELL, CHIEF OF NAVAL STAFF, NORE.

THE EPILOGUE TO A NAVAL DISASTER: THE SUBMARINE *TRUCULENT* RAISED AND BEACHED ON A SANDBANK.

The raising of the submarine *Truculent* was, as illustrated on our facing page, successfully carried out on March 14, and she was then towed five miles up the river to Cheney Spit, a sandbank off Sheerness, prior to moving further inshore, an operation which was delayed owing to the tackle at her bows (top photograph) becoming fouled during the night. Salvage experts who examined the damage to her hull found it to be worse than had been expected. Patching, an operation

taking several days, could not be started until the depth of water was 10 ft. at low tide. By March 16 she had been moved the necessary 1000 yards inshore and beached on the ebb tide a mile and a half from the Sheppey coast. She was entered, and the first bodies of the men who died trapped in her were found in the control room. The forward door leading to the forward mess-deck, where most of the bodies still in the submarine were believed to be, was jammed slightly open.



TRUCULENT'S CONNING-TOWER, BEARING HER NAME, BREAKS SURFACE ON MARCH 14: THE SCENE AT ABOUT 5.40 P.M. WHEN THE SUBMARINE WAS RAISED FROM THE SEA-BED BY THE LIFTING CRAFT *AUSDAUER* AND *ENERGIE*—A SMOOTHLY CARRIED-OUT OPERATION WHICH, AFTER INITIAL DELAY, TOOK 2½ HOURS.



SHOWING THE DAMAGE (AFT OF THE TORPEDO COMPARTMENT) INFLECTED BY THE COLLISION WHICH SANK HER ON JANUARY 12: TRUCULENT, AFTER SHE HAD BEEN RAISED ON MARCH 14. THE OPEN AFTER-HATCH, THROUGH WHICH MEN ESCAPED ONLY TO BE SWEEPED AWAY BY THE TIDE, WAS REVEALED.

TRUCULENT BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AFTER 61 DAYS: THE LIFTING OF THE SUBMARINE IN WHICH 64 LIVES WERE LOST.

After weeks of work, hampered by bad weather, the operation of raising the submarine *Truculent* (sunk on January 12, with a loss of sixty-four lives) was carried out on March 14. The task was extremely difficult, owing to the position in which *Truculent* lay, in 50 ft. of water in the Thames Estuary, 10 miles off Sheerness, almost across the tidal stream. Four "messenger" wires had to be passed under the hull to guide the four "slings" of steel hawsers passed from the sterns of the lifting

vessels. Divers had to work by touch owing to the muddy water. The actual lifting, carried out on March 14, after a delay owing to technical difficulties, took 2½ hours. At 5.25 p.m., under the floodlights of the lifting vessels, the tip of her radar mast broke surface, followed 15 minutes later by her conning-tower. On the facing page we reproduce for comparison a section of the drawing by our Special Artist (published in our issue of February 4), which shows the method of lifting.

I DINED the other day in the company of a retired Brazilian coffee planter and his wife, who had been making a long visit to Europe. He was well-to-do, highly cultivated, quick, and almost disconcertingly original in mind. He looked young and he still played polo, but—citizen of a country of early and prolific marriages—he had already six grandchildren and expected to raise his score in that respect by two within a matter of a few months. He had a remarkable knowledge of French and English literature. As regards the latter, it was typical of his outlook and attitude to our country that he specialised in a phase to which we ourselves pay relatively little attention nowadays, except for our professional historians, the correspondence and speeches of the great Victorian statesmen. He was a lover of fine books, and had been doing some buying in the auction rooms and most famous bookshops of London and Paris. Sometimes, I think, his impressions were incorrect from the very defaults of his high intelligence, because he observed so much and made up his mind so quickly; but on the whole it would have been hard to find a more acute onlooker. It would certainly have been impossible to find one more friendly, unless indeed he was concealing the unfavourable side of his criticism out of good manners.

He had returned from the Continent in time to see a great deal of contemporary history packed into a narrow space. First had come the General Election, which had interested and even excited him. One of his comments may appear strange to us, but came naturally from him. It appeared to him that the way in which the extremely narrow Labour majority was received was in itself a tribute to the honesty of British political life. It had not occurred to anyone, as would assuredly have been the case in Brazil, that a dozen or so Labour votes in the House of Commons might be purchased in one way or another, so as to produce a Conservative majority. Then he had watched the procession to the State opening of Parliament. He had never witnessed anything of the kind, and it had given him intense pleasure. This had been followed immediately by the official visit of the President of the French Republic. It seemed to him that ours was the last country in the world able to mount in such a way a series of great ceremonies embodying its deepest traditions. Even the French, the second best in this respect, were outshone in the beauty of the equipment and the perfection of the organisation. The North Americans scarcely attempted to compete, and when they did failed altogether.

His impressions were generally optimistic, not only here but even in France and Italy. Western Europe, despite the desperate efforts of Communism to prevent its return to more normal conditions, seemed to him to be making progress in that direction. In our country he regarded the crushing burden of taxation as the heaviest handicap. It seemed to him that in the world of industry and commerce there still existed strong reserves of that spirit of enterprise and initiative which so delighted him in his study of our history, but that it ran the risk of being strangled by the deliberate withholding of reward or incentive and even by the impossibility of effecting the necessary normal expenditure on the maintenance of equipment, stock and goodwill. He was sure that the spirit which had accomplished so much in his own continent of South America and his own fatherland of Brazil survived in our business community—and here he stood on ground that he knew well—and that it now had in front of it in those regions opportunities as great as ever. At present it was not being allowed to take them. Yet he was convinced that, if they could be taken, they would be to the benefit of both sides.

I knew something of the material links between Britain and Brazil in the latter part of the last century and the early part of this, but much that he had to say of the cultural links was new to me. I wrote just now of his interest in Victorian political history. It appeared that some of the books on this subject now in his library had been purchased at sales at ranches in the heart of that vast country, remote from any large town. Half or three-quarters of a century ago they had been purchased by the proprietors to read in the evening, and had stood upon the shelves until the estate had changed hands. Here, surely, was proof of the deep interest taken in our country by educated Brazilians. If the books had been the novels of Dickens or Thackeray their significance would have been comparatively small; that they should be collections of the speeches of Disraeli and works of that order implied an interest not merely in English literature but in British history, traditions, politics and way of life. I give this

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FROM A BRAZILIAN NOTEBOOK.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

as but one instance of evidence on these lines, given sometimes in rather halting English, sometimes in French, as we sat at table during and after our meal.

It appears that after the fall of the Brazilian Empire there was a brief period in which the influence of French culture predominated over that of British. This was not created in the first instance by business links, as the British had been, but was almost wholly literary, though probably fostered by the French convent schools in which the girls of the upper classes were brought up. French influence had been followed by that of the United States, which had

me for advice about what to look at, bearing in mind that he would have only about an hour and hoped to make a more leisurely visit in the summer. I suggested that, on crossing the bridge, he should go to Magdalen, then stop half-way up the High Street at my own College of All Souls to see the Chapel and the Codrington Library, and finally turn left at Carfax for the splendour of Christ Church. Bodley's Library and much else could await his visit later in the year. I hope to hear of his impressions later on.

The point on which he particularly insisted in speaking of British economic penetration of Brazil in the past was that it was by no means exploitation pure and simple. These business men were certainly alive to their own interests and did well for them. Yet their business was conducted in an atmosphere of friendliness, of comprehension, of respect for the traditions of the country. They appreciated its best characteristics and entered into its culture. When they were at their most powerful they made no attempt to dictate or to dominate. As a class, with the obvious and inevitable exceptions, they were modest and unassuming. And now, as I have said, it appeared to him that similar opportunities were beckoning, especially since it looked as though some of the energy which Britain had lately thrown into trade with the Far East would no longer find an outlet there, so that a greater share would be available for fields which have recently not been exploited to as great an extent as they were half a century ago. I had not to accept unconfirmed his view about the opportunities in Brazil. Our English host, whose knowledge of that country is exceptional, backed it strongly, with the proviso that some recent Brazilian legislation was conceived in a narrowly nationalistic mood.

This huge country, with a population about the size of our own, has clearly a remarkable future before it. Despite the great material progress which it has made in recent years, despite the immense riches which have poured into it—and look at the price of coffee to-day, to mention only the most famous of its products—only a fraction of its immense resources have yet been exploited. In many cases they have not even been fully explored, so that little more is known of them than that they are vast. The skill of modern engineering—and the latest generation of Brazilian engineers is a brilliant one—is already opening up great possibilities. My dinner companion contended, however, and his opinion is confirmed by that of British experts on the country, that Brazilians alone are not capable of seizing all these opportunities. Foreigners are certain to take a hand. The North Americans are ready, willing, and well placed already. If we should prove unable to play a part, they are capable of playing that which we might have played as well as their own. But, said my Brazilian acquaintance, it would be a deep disappointment to the more intelligent and thoughtful of his countrymen if British capital and brains were not strongly represented in the development of Brazil which is likely to take place within the next generation.

Unfortunately, at the very mention of the idea one can see all those functionaries who have to make their jobs because there are no real jobs for them except that of interfering with other people's activities, filling up their fountain pens and preparing to make a nuisance of themselves. One can see

the income-tax authorities rubbing their hands and looking forward to a rich harvest from anyone bold enough to do what I have suggested and fortunate enough to succeed in his venture. And one can hear the complaints that the profits tax is not even now high enough and should be increased. In those days of which I have spoken and which so fascinated my Brazilian acquaintance, the wealth of this country was largely made by men who were prepared to put up capital in cases where the banks were afraid to do so. Once in three ventures, perhaps, they lost their money. If they succeeded they expected to make at least 20 per cent., to compensate for their failures. They were then neither treated as criminals nor expected to work one month for themselves and eleven months for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Unless the spirit which they represented is allowed to develop once more we need not hope for British initiative to revive in Brazil or anywhere else.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND LIBRARY.



NEW READING-ROOM AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND, 1850.



THE NEW READING-ROOM, 1950.

Photograph copyright Bank of England.

The present year marks the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association, and to mark the occasion a special number of the Association journal, "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" (founded in 1921), has been produced. This centenary number contains a reproduction of a drawing which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* in 1850 and a photograph of the Reading-room as it appears to-day, both of which are reproduced on this page, the latter by courtesy of the editor of "The Old Lady." The account of the opening of the "New reading room at the Bank of England" which appeared a hundred years ago in *The Illustrated London News* ends with the remark that the Bank of England Library Association "bids fair to become one of the most remarkable institutions in the metropolis." The fact that this purely voluntary society has now completed a century's uninterrupted existence seems to point to the fact that *The Illustrated London News* is not a bad prophet!

greatly increased during the war. Here, however, he qualified sharply. The American influence did not grip the intellectual or emotional side of the country because it appeared to Brazilians to be almost entirely commercial and material. Not long ago he had visited a great university in the United States and had been asked for his opinions. After paying some well-merited compliments, he was asked for criticism and bidden to be frank. He answered that he would be frank in the extreme. "In my own country," he said, "I have a ranch. Regularly each year my calves are branded. The branding-iron is used with great speed. One calf! Two calves! Three calves! In a very short time all are marked with the same sign, stamped for life as my property. Now, as you have told me to be frank, I will admit that the process seems similar. You have your branding-iron too. One graduate! Two graduates! Three graduates! All are stamped with the same sign, as uniformly as the calves."

TRAINING BY EXAMPLE FOR OFFICER-CADETS OF THE ST. CYR ACADEMY.



A SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATION THAT WAS WATCHED BY ST. CYR CADETS: ARMoured VEHICLES SEEN DURING MANŒUVRES AT VAUX DE CERNAY.



HOW A SHERMAN TANK CAN SURMOUNT OBSTACLES: A MILITARY OBJECT-LESSON FOR THE INTENT CADETS FROM ST. CYR (LEFT).



CHECKING A ROAD IN ADVANCE OF AN ARMoured COLUMN: A SQUAD PROBING FOR MINES WITH BAYONETS IS WATCHED BY THE CADETS.



UNCOVERING MINES AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN DETECTED AND MARKED: THE NEXT STAGE IN THE CLEARANCE OF A MINED ROAD.



SHOWING ONE MAN ARMED WITH A BAZOOKA: AN ANTI-TANK SQUAD GUARDING A STRATEGIC ROAD DURING ARMY MANŒUVRES.



BRIDGING AN ANTI-TANK DITCH: CADETS WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION BY A VEHICLE SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR USE WITH AN ARMoured GROUP.

Cadets of the famous French St. Cyr Military Academy recently left their camp at Coetquidam, in Brittany, for a few days to undertake manœuvres in the Ile-de-France region. During this time they attended a spectacular demonstration by the 2nd Armoured Group, commanded by Colonel Rouvillois, around Chevreuse. This Armoured Group follows in the tradition of General Leclerc's Armoured Division which made the famous 2800-miles desert journey from Chad territory to Tripoli in 1943. The

military academy of St. Cyr, which has a world-wide reputation, was founded by Napoleon in 1808. The Academy occupies the buildings of the school of St. Louis, at St. Cyr, near Versailles, which was originally established for the daughters of poor but aristocratic families by Mme. de Maintenon, who is buried there. The school, in which Racine's "Esther" and "Athalie" were first acted, was suppressed at the time of the Revolution.

THE GHAZNAVID PALACE OF LASHKARI-BAZAR: A NEWLY-EXPLORED AND UNIQUE CENTRE OF THE POWER WHICH EXTENDED ISLAM INTO INDIA NINE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By Daniel Schlumberger, Director of the Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan.

DOWN to the end of the tenth century Islam had but slightly encroached upon India, and, by that time, the mighty expansion of the new Faith, until then led by the Arabs, seemed everywhere to have reached a standstill. But in the tenth century a new people decidedly appears in the foreground: the Turks. In 962 A.D. Alptigin, a Turkish adventurer, makes himself master of the fortress of Ghazni, in eastern Afghanistan. In 976 A.D. one of his successors, Subuktigin, seizes the fortress of Bust, in south-western Afghanistan. Ghazni, high amongst snow-capped mountains, Bust in the desert, at the meeting-point of the Rivers Hilmand and Arghandab—these two towns were to be the foundations upon which the new dynasty built up its might. Half a century later, towards the end of the great Sultan Mahmud's reign (998-1030 A.D.), the Ghaznavid power was reaching its climax: the Sultan's dominion extended from Turkestan to the Indian Ocean, and from Hamadan, in Persia, to Lahore, in the Punjab. And the Ghaznavids were resolutely assuming the part of champions of the Faith in India: in seventeen campaigns Mahmud carried the Holy War into the heart of the sub-continent. Islam was on the move again.

Ghazni and Bust, where Mahmud accumulates the spoils of India, now develop into large and beautiful towns. The Sultan's Court becomes a centre of culture, where distinguished men gather from afar: among them Firdawsî, that great Persian poet, and al-Bîrûnî, that great Arabic scholar. With the latter, Moslem learning devotes itself to the study of India.

Thus Mahmud opens the way for a very distant future: with his Turkish and Afghan warriors he stands at the beginning of that long line of Moslem conquerors of India who were to culminate with the Moghul dynasty; with his officials, architects, scholars or poets he stands at the root of the Indo-Persian civilisation. A new India is being prepared, that Moslem India which, in our times, was suddenly to take political shape under the name of Pakistan.

Of the Ghaznavid grandeur very little seemed to be left on Afghan soil. With the exception of two brick towers, all the buildings of Ghazni have disappeared, and no other monument securely datable in that period could be mentioned. Such was the state of things in 1948, when the members of the *Délégation Archéologique Française* were able to undertake a journey to Bust with the helpful co-operation of the Afghan authorities, especially of H.E. the Governor-General of Kandahar. The ruins of the city of Bust, though seldom visited, were already well known, and the visit brought nothing new. But from the top of the citadel, with the help of field-glasses, another impressive group of ruins could be distinguished in the distance. Situated near the modern village of Lashkari-Bazar, these ruins themselves had not entirely escaped attention, but nobody had apparently

studied them: the "Encyclopædia of Islam" (art. *Bust*), calls them "modern." When we got there at last, late in the afternoon on that same day, our impression was of anything but "modern." Here on the river-bank, were to be seen the mighty ruins of three great palaces or castles, with walls and towers still standing high

(Fig. 5); around the castles a vast and intricate system of secondary buildings, of courtyard and garden enclosures; and between the great castles and the city of Bust, all along the river, a number of smaller castles or mansions.

Now a number of Arabic and Persian authors of the tenth and eleventh centuries tell us of a residence of the Ghaznavid Sultans, Mahmud and Masud, in the vicinity of Bust. They call that residence al-Askar or Lashkargah (the "camp," the "city of soldiers"),

These excavations were undertaken in 1949. Two campaigns were carried out, one in the spring, directed by myself, the other in the autumn, directed by M. Marc Le Berre, the French Delegation's architect. Both campaigns were devoted solely to the study of one building: the "southern palace," the largest of all the ruins on the site.

The palace (Fig. 2) is approximately rectangular: its length (south to north) is about 550 yards, its width (east to west) 300 yards. It is built around a big central courtyard (Fig. 6), with four "iwans." There are private quarters and official quarters. The private quarters are sets of rooms, each set forming a self-contained unit around a small courtyard. In the north-eastern part of the palace one of these lodgings has been excavated. The official quarters are to be found around the central courtyard, and on the main axis of the castle (Fig. 3). Most of our excavation work was carried out along that axis. From south to north we found: the main entrance, blocked up at a later

period by a wall (pierced with a window, to be seen in Fig. 4 and the frontispiece); a cross-shaped hall; the southern "iwan" of the courtyard (Fig. 3); the northern "iwan"; a square room with central platform, apparently a banquet-room (Figs. 4, 8 and frontispiece); a large rectangular hall overlooking the river, apparently an audience-hall. All of them are clearly visible in our bird's-eye view (Fig. 2). Important finds of carvings and paintings made in some of these rooms will be illustrated in a later issue.

No doubt can be left that the palace is the one mentioned by the Persian historian Baihaqi in his chronicle of Masud's reign (*Tarikh-i-Masudi*) as a residence of the Sultan, and of his father and predecessor Mahmud. The description given by Baihaqi of the position of the palace a few miles from Bust, on the river bank, his account of Masud's fishing-expeditions on the Hilmand, and of shooting-parties where the Sultan had herds of game driven from the desert into special enclosures, all fit in perfectly with the ruins.

It is less easy to determine when the palace was abandoned. The evidence points towards a fairly long period of occupation. Parts of the plastering and of the painted decoration were several times done up again. Important changes were carried out: for instance, the main entrance from the south was blocked up and replaced by a bent-entrance added on the east side. The palace was turned into a strongly fortified castle, a characteristic it does not seem to have possessed from the beginning. It looks as if a period of security had been followed by a period of insecurity. This again is well in agreement with the teachings of history: for we know that, after Masud's tragic death (1041 A.D.) the great days of the Ghaznavids belong to the past. The desertion

of Lashkari-Bazar may have taken place at the time of the sacking of Bust (about 1150 A.D.) by the Ghorid Sultan Alaeddin Husein Jahansoz, who was also the destroyer of Ghazni; or else, and at the latest, at the time of the Mongol invasion (about 1222 A.D.)

However that may be, the ruins of Lashkari-Bazar clearly will help to fill an important gap in the history of Moslem architecture. For all the larger mediæval monuments known up to date in the Iranian countries were mosques or tombs. Here at last we are in possession of a set of secular buildings of the first magnitude and interest.



FIG. 1. A SIGHT WHICH THE GREAT GHAZNAVID SULTANS MUST OFTEN HAVE SEEN FROM THEIR PALACE AT LASHKARI-BAZAR: A SANDSTORM FROM THE DASHT-I-MARGO DESERT JUST ABOUT TO SWEEP ACROSS THE RIVER HILMAND.

This view was taken from the southern palace-castle, which was the subject of the excavations described on this page. The northern castle can be seen on the river bank in the distance on the right. A few minutes after the photograph was taken, everything had disappeared in a raging wind and whirling dust.



FIG. 2. A VERTICAL AERIAL VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN PALACE AT LASHKARI-BAZAR, WITH THE RIVER HILMAND IN THE FOREGROUND AND LEFT.

The mounds which can be seen near the walls and in the courts are heaps of the rubbish from the excavations. The mound on the extreme right is in front of the main entrance. Working directly left (from south to north) from this point, we see (in succession) the cross-shaped hall, the southern *iwan*, the central courtyard, the large northern *iwan*, the square banquet-room and the still unexcavated great audience hall. An *iwan* is a hall open on one side, and one can be seen at the middle of the inner walls of the great central courtyard. The circular bastion at the extreme lower right is the dominant central feature in Fig. 5.

Photograph by Royal Afghan Air Force.

a name strikingly similar to the modern name of Lashkari-Bazar. We began to wonder whether, by an extraordinary piece of luck, we had not located this royal city. But the castles at Lashkari-Bazar are built of sun-dried brick, only occasionally reinforced with layers of baked brick, and it seemed surprising that such a material should have withstood the action of weather for nine centuries. On the other hand, the style of architecture and ornament appeared to fit very well with the eleventh century. We decided the problem had to be solved. This could be done only by excavations.

WHERE FIRDAWSI SANG AND WON A GOLD PIECE FOR EVERY GOLDEN LINE.



FIG. 3. LOOKING STRAIGHT ACROSS THE CENTRAL COURT FROM SOUTH TO NORTH: THE VIEW-POINT IS THE CROSS-SHAPED HALL, AND THE PAVED FLOOR OF THE IWAN HAS BEEN LAID BARE. THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EMBEDDED MILLSTONE IS NOT KNOWN.

On the opposite page M. Daniel Schlumberger describes how the *Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan*, first under his own direction and later under that of M. Marc Le Berre, have, during 1948, and 1949, discovered, identified and excavated, in part, a huge palace fortress in south-western Afghanistan. The place, which has the modern name of Lashkari-Bazar, is undoubtedly, they have discovered, the residence of the Ghaznavid sultans of the eleventh century described by Arabic and Persian authors as al-Askar, or Lashkargah ("the city of soldiers"). The most famous of these Sultans was Mahmud (998-1030 A.D.), who extended the dominion of Islam into India and who may be considered as the founder of the Pakistan of to-day. Under him and his son, Masud, great wealth was accumulated at this court, which became a famous centre of culture, at which such distinguished men as the great Arabic scholar, al-Biruni, and the greatest of the Persian poets, Firdawsi,



FIG. 4. TAKEN, AFTER EXCAVATION, FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW AS THE FRONTISPIECE OF THIS ISSUE AND SHOWING THE PLATFORM OF THE BANQUET-HALL REVEALED. SEE ALSO FIG. 8 FOR DETAIL OF THIS BANQUETING PLATFORM.

gathered. Fig. 4, above, shows the banquetting-hall of the southern palace, the only one of the congeries of castles yet excavated; and it is not too fanciful to suppose that on this very platform, which the excavators have revealed, Firdawsi himself may have recited some of the poems which Mahmud rated so high and which led, thanks to extremely complicated financial transactions, to the quarrel and Firdawsi's flight and composition of the violently reproachful *Shahnama*. The banquetting-hall, which is illustrated also in our frontispiece, and in Fig. 8, is dominated, as will be seen, by a large platform, paved with bricks. On two opposing sides are steps leading up from the ground-level, and it is supposed that these were used by the servants bringing dishes of food to the Sultan and his guests, who would be reclining on cushions and carpets, spread on mattresses laid on the platform itself. And such a banquet might well have been an occasion for Firdawsi's poems.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF PAKISTAN AND MUSLIM INDIA: MAHMUD'S PALACE, LOST FOR 900 YEARS IN THE AFGHAN DESERTS.



FIG. 5. A HITHERTO UNEXPLORED GHAZNAVID PALACE IN THE HEART OF SOUTH-WESTERN AFGHANISTAN; AND WHOSE WALLS OF SUN-DRIED BRICK ARE STILL LARGELY STANDING AFTER 900 YEARS. THIS VIEW SHOWS THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE AND MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE SOUTHERN PALACE OF

LASHKARI-BAZAR, WITH THE RIVER HILMEND ON THE LEFT; AND, STRETCHING AWAY ON THE RIGHT, THE REMAINS OF THE COURTYARD AND THE GARDEN ENCLOSURES. COMPARE WITH FIG. 2, IN WHICH THE RIGHT, BOTTOM, BASTION IS THAT IN THE CENTRE OF THIS PICTURE. (Photograph by J. Mancusa)



FIG. 6. WHERE TRIUMPH AND RICHES—IF NOT PEACE—CAME "TO MAHMUD ON HIS GOLDEN THRONE": THE CENTRAL COURTYARD OF THE 900-YEAR-OLD SOUTHERN PALACE OF LASHKARI-BAZAR. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST (I.E., BOTTOM, LEFT, IN FIG. 2) CORNER OF THE CENTRAL COURT.

The history of the Ghaznavid dynasty, whose newly-identified and explored palace at Lashkari-Bazar is described on these and other pages in this issue, is one of the greatest interest and importance in the development of Islam and, eventually, in the birth of modern Pakistan. It began about the middle of the tenth century, when a Turkish slave, called Alptigin, seized the local power at Ghazni, between Kandahar and Kabul, in Afghanistan. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, another Turkish adventurer, Subuktigin, who extended that power, making himself lord of nearly all modern Afghanistan and of the Punjab. His son, the great Mahmud, succeeded him in 997 A.D., and in a series of annual campaigns throughout Northern India and Gujarat made himself and his dynasty immensely rich and powerful, and established Islam in India. He died in

1030 A.D. and was succeeded by his son Masud and some thirteen other princes of his house, perhaps the most famous being Ibrahim (1059-1099). The dynasty came to an end in the twelfth century, the capital, Ghazni, being devastated by the Ghorisultan, Alauddin. The two great cities of this dynasty were "Ghazni, high among the snow-capped mountains, Bust in the desert, at the meeting-point of the Rivers Hilmend and Arghandab." Little remains of these cities. As M. Schlumberger writes in his article: "With the exception of two brick towers, all the buildings of Ghazni have disappeared. . . The ruins of the city of Bust, though seldom visited, were already well known and the visit brought nothing new. But from the top of the citadel, with the help of field-glasses, another impressive group of ruins could be distinguished in the distance. Situated near

TO THE LEFT OF THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE DEEP RECESS OF THE EASTERN IWAN; AND TO THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRE THE SOUTHERN IWAN, LEADING TO THE CROSS-SHAPED HALL AND MAIN ENTRANCE. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE SCENE AS THE FRENCH ARCHAEOLOGISTS FOUND IT. (Photograph by P. Teyssier)

the modern village of Lashkari-Bazar, these ruins themselves had not entirely escaped attention, but nobody had apparently studied them: the 'Encyclopaedia of Islam' (art. *Bust*) calls them 'modern.' When we got there at last, late in the afternoon of that same day, our impression was of anything but 'modern.' Here, on the river-bank, were to be seen the mighty ruins of three great palaces, or castles, with walls and towers still standing high . . . Some of the extent and majesty of these ruins can be seen in the photographs which we reproduce, which, however, cover only one, though the largest, of the three principal palace-castles. The river on which these castles stand is called variously Hilmend, Helmand, Helmund and Helمند; and in ancient times it was known as the Etymender. Like its great tributary, the Arghandab, it rises in the mountains of

North-Eastern Afghanistan. It is about 600 miles long and for the first part of its course it is a mountain river, running through valleys which are the summer resort of pastoral tribes. About 90 miles above its confluence with the Arghandab it enters level, gravelly country and becomes a wide and impressive river. At Bust it joins the Arghandab, and its nature can be partly seen in Fig. 1. Thence it flows south-west between the Helمند and the Dashti-Margo Deserts, until it drains in the vast swamps of Seistan, on the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, whence it only emerges in years of exceptional flood to continue to the Gaud-i-Zirreh swamp. This Seistan area was in ancient times highly cultivated with a great system of canal irrigation, but, since the devastations of Tamerlane in the 14th century, has been a barren, treeless waste of alluvial levels.

GHAZNAVID ARCHITECTURE: DETAILS FROM THE GREAT 11TH-CENTURY PALACE OF LASHKARI-BAZAR.



FIG. 7. SHOWING THE ELABORATE ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION OF THE PALACE: ARCADES AND NICHES IN ONE OF THE ROOMS, AS THEY WERE DISCOVERED.



FIG. 8. WHERE THE GHAZNAVID SULTAN RECLINED AT HIS BANQUET; AND—MAYBE—LISTENED TO THE STRAINS OF THE GREAT FIRDAWSI: THE BRICK-PAVED BANQUET PLATFORM.



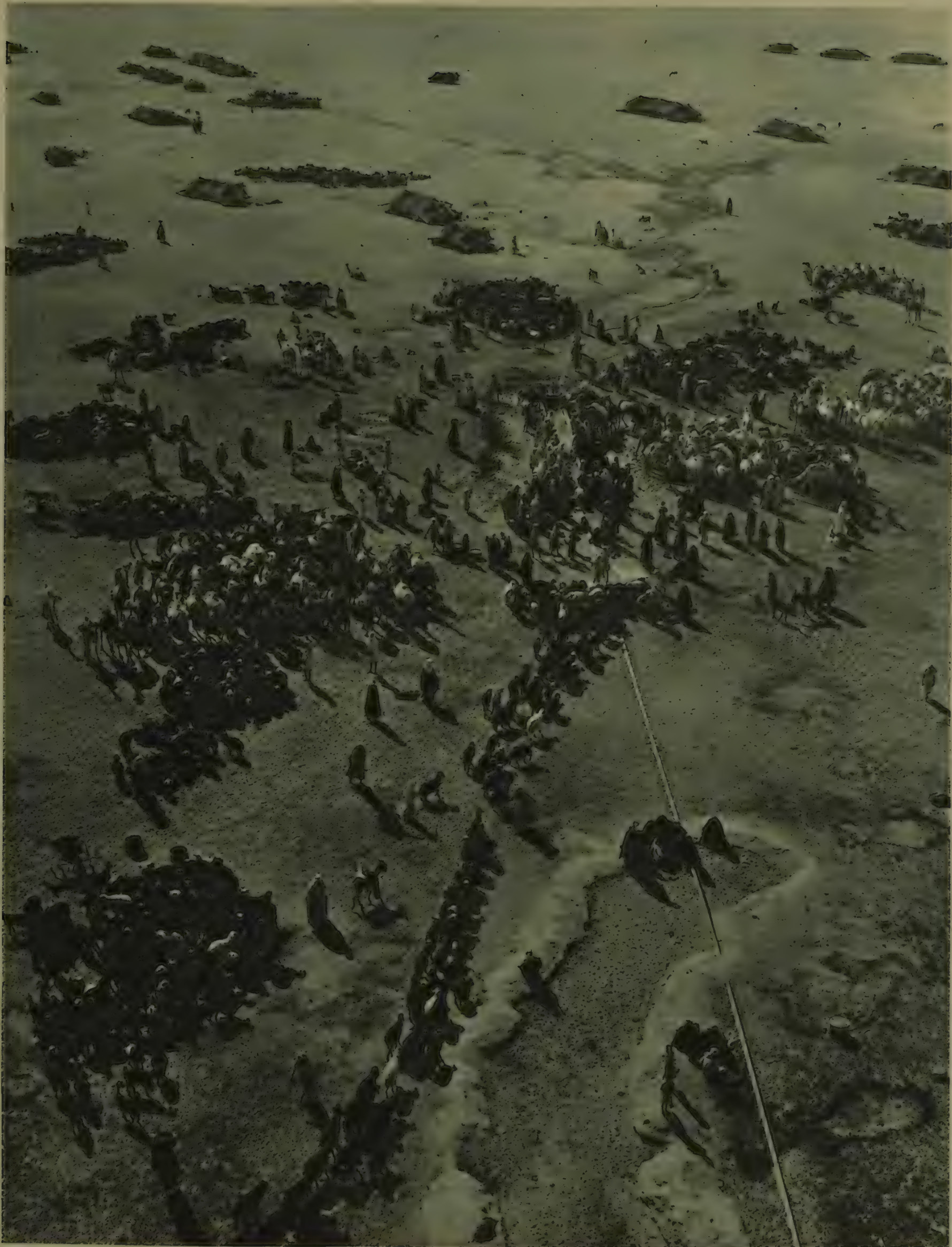
FIG. 9. A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF SUN-DRIED BRICK ARCHITECTURE: A DOORWAY LEADING INTO THE CENTRAL COURTYARD. THE RIVER IS BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



FIG. 10. ONE OF THE ROOMS OF THE PIGEON-HOUSE IN THE PALACE: IT IS VERY SIMILAR TO MODERN PIGEON-HOUSES IN AFGHANISTAN, BUT VERY MUCH LARGER.

On this page we show some remarkable architectural details of the Lashkari-Bazar southern palace. This huge building is built almost entirely of sun-dried brick, with only occasional courses of baked brick to reinforce it. Its preservation is of so remarkable a nature that, bearing in mind the climate and the incidence of such dust-storms as that shown in Fig. 1, it is not surprising that its discoverers had

difficulty at first in believing that it could be, as indeed it is, 900 years old. And the nature of its architecture is of especial interest, as it fills an important gap in our knowledge of Muslim mediæval architecture, and provides a magnificent example of Iranian secular building, hitherto unparalleled. [Photographs by J. Manceau—Figs. 7 and 9; and J. P. Trystram—Fig. 10.]



EVEN MORE VALUABLE THAN OIL TO THE BEDOUIN TRIBESMEN AND THEIR ANIMALS: A WELL, ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO SUPPLY WATER FOR A WILDCAT DRILLING OPERATION, WHICH IS NOW AN OASIS IN THE SAUDI ARABIAN DESERT.

Not every wildcat drilling operation undertaken by the Arabian-American Oil Company in the Saudi Arabian desert results in oil being found, but although the expectations of striking oil are not always fulfilled, the operations are, in fact, "lucky strikes" for the Bedouin tribesmen. Our photograph shows a well at Al Hasa, Saudi Arabia, that provides water for the camels, sheep and goats that graze in the area; the well was originally drilled to supply water for a wildcat drilling operation. When the wildcat well was completed the water well was handed over to King Ibn

Saud for the watering of his camels and for the sheep and goats of the Bedouin tribesmen who tend the King's camels. The animals can be seen being brought to the watering-trough; the pipe leading from the trough joins a Diesel pump that raises the water in the well to the surface. The Arabian-American Oil Company are to-day engaged not only in exploiting oil in Saudi Arabia but on schemes for irrigating the desert; they are also starting experimental farms and planting fruit and vegetables that normally grow in the southern States of the U.S.A.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SILVER AT THE ASHMOLEAN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WHEN talking about silver in the issue of March 4, I illustrated, among other things, a plain tankard from the collection at the Ashmolean—it was dated 1667—and drew attention to its exceptional virtues. A reader has taken the trouble to express his whole-hearted agreement with what I said and has gone a little further.

In his view this admirable tankard is worthy of a place in so fine a museum not only because of its intrinsic merit as a piece of craftsmanship, but because it would be unthinkable to have it in common use and fill it with what passes to-day as our national beverage. There, ladies and gentlemen, is surely connoisseurship in *excelsis*, the marriage of eye and palate, a proper sense of the fitness of things. With this beautiful thought I pass on to 'coffee. Under date the 10th of May, 1637, John Evelyn writes that he was admitted a Fellow-commoner of Balliol and then adds: "There came in my time to the College one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece, from Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee: which custom came not into England till thirty years after." My edition has a note: "Evelyn should have said twenty years after, not thirty. Coffee was introduced into England, and coffee-houses set up in 1658"—that is, two years before the Restoration. Here, in Fig. 1, is one of those rare early coffee-pots which immediately attract the attention because of their steeple cover and which, by the exercise of a little imagination, remind one of childhood's fairy-books. Welshwomen and good and bad fairies always wore this agreeable headgear. Anyway, they did in my salad period, and nursery impressions are indelible,



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE STEEPLE COVER CHARACTERISTIC OF EARLY EXAMPLES: A COFFEE-POT BY ANDREW RAVEN, LONDON. This coffee-pot by Andrew Raven bears the date letter for 1700-1, rather later than might be expected from the design with the steeple cover, as, by then, the shape we know to-day had made its appearance.



FIG. 2. FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF ERNEST, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND (1771-1851): ONE OF A PAIR OF OCTAGONAL SUGAR CASTORS BY LOUIS CUNY. The date of this sugar-caster (one of a pair) is about 1720 (the date letter is missing). It is a worthy representative of a type which has found favour in every generation since.

as do the names of so many other silversmiths, for example, Pierre Platel and Paul Lamerie. We owe much to Louis XIV. and his policy of driving out Huguenots from France. The next piece (Fig. 3) is not only a superlatively fine thing of its kind (I don't think anyone will disagree with this opinion), but has a pleasant history—a story of West Country family honour retrieved. First, the dry bones. Date, 1705-6. Maker, Pierre Platel. Beautifully balanced double handles, and an admirable cover. Until their dispersal in 1923, it was part of the Trewarthenick heirlooms. Now the story. Lady Mary Boscawen, who died in 1715, left a ring to her loving friend Elizabeth Gregor, of Trewarthenick, a few miles above the testator's home at Tregothinan, on the River Fal, and to Elizabeth's son, Hugh, she gave this cup, as the inscription describes. Somehow the cup went astray, and the inscription goes on to record how F. G. (presumably Hugh's elder brother, Francis) restored the cup to the family after some difficulty. With what relish would Thackeray have seized upon this episode, had he heard of it, and woven another chapter or two into the texture of "The History of Henry Esmond"! The ewer of Fig. 4 is by a great name, Paul Lamerie (London: 1724-5), and is part of a famous toilet-set. Its history is known and, what is much more extraordinary, Lamerie's original account for the set survives. Here it is:

	£	s.	d.
Set of dressing plate at 6s. 2d. per oz.	196	13	10
Fashion 5sh. per oz.	159	13	0
Engraving arms	6	6	0

The toilet-set was a wedding present to Charity, elder daughter and co-heiress of Roger Hele, of Devon, from her husband, George Treby (died, 1742), who was M.P. for Plympton and Dartmouth, Recorder of Dartmouth, Secretary of War, 1718, and Teller of the Exchequer, 1724. The style, severe and in the grand manner, is typical of the more lavish pieces of the period, and to many modern eyes is far less agreeable than that in vogue for silver destined for more modest households. A similar criticism—if one can call it criticism—can perhaps be directed at a basket which is also part of

the Farrer bequest. It is a remarkable *tour de force* by any standard, an example of the most meticulous and precise craftsmanship. Whether one is justified in translating a basket into another material is a matter which worries the theorists of to-day a great deal more than it worried our predecessors. The date is 1731, and the arms are those of Paulet impaling Tupton. Here, then, are five pieces—all that space allows—but sufficient to indicate the quality of the silver which is to be seen at the Ashmolean, and of

a kind to entice most people to make a special journey to Oxford. Yet how absurd is this last sentence! As if anyone could waste time searching for an excuse to escape from the workaday world for a few hours and submit himself to the remembered magic of so delectable a place!—to its gardens and grey stone walls and smooth lawns and its continuity of beauty, rendered yet more haunting to-day by reason of the bustling industrialism which has grown up in the neighbourhood! It is not my business to write of such delights, but to remind you that this silver is but the least of the noble things to be seen in the great building which commemorates the name of Elias Ashmole, that admirable odd eccentric who—like so many others of his kind—built better than he knew. Let us look once again at Evelyn's diary. July 23rd, 1678. "Went to Mr. Elias Ashmole's library and curiosities at Lambeth. He has divers mss., but most of them astrological, to which study he is addicted, though I believe not learned, but very industrious, as his History of the order of the Garter proves. He showed me a toad included in amber. The prospect from a turret is very fine, it being so near London, and yet not discovering any house



FIG. 3. A FINE PIECE WITH AN INTERESTING STORY ATTACHED TO IT: A CUP AND COVER OF 1705-6 BY PIERRE PLATEL. Until their dispersal in 1923 this cup and cover formed part of the Trewarthenick heirlooms. It bears an inscription recording how it was lost, found again, and restored to the family.

as the psychologists are fond of explaining in their curious jargon, and at such inordinate length. This particular coffee-pot is in fact rather later than one would expect. It is by Andrew Raven, London, and bears the date letter for 1700-1—by then the pattern which we know to-day had made its appearance. The earliest known receptacle of this kind is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, dated 1670.



FIG. 4. TYPICAL OF THE MORE LAVISH PIECES OF THE PERIOD: EWER BY PAUL LAMERIE (LONDON: 1724-25), PART OF A FAMOUS TOILET SET. The toilet set of which this ewer forms part, was a wedding present to Charity, elder daughter and co-heiress of Roger Hele of Devon, from her husband, George Treby.

Illustrations on this page by Courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

about the country. The famous John Tradescant bequeathed his Repository to this gentleman, who has given them to the University of Oxford." From such beginnings grew the present magnificent collection of paintings, drawings, maiolica, etc., etc., and in one little corner are displayed some of old John Tradescant's curiosities.

POLE TO POLE AT GREENWICH: ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC MARITIME ART.



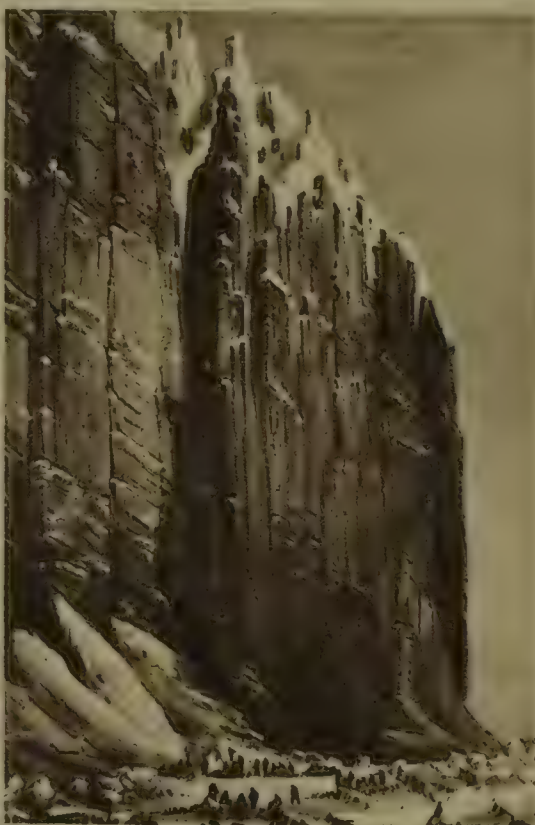
"THE YACHT ISABEL CAUGHT IN THE ICE, 29TH AUGUST, 1852"; BY SIR EDWARD A. INGLESFIELD (1820-1894). IN 1852 INGLESFIELD SAILED ON A VAIN SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.
Water-colour. Lent by the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge.



"CRITICAL POSITION OF THE *Investigator* ON THE NORTH COAST OF BARING ISLAND, 20TH AUGUST, 1851".
BY LIEUT. S. GURNEY CRESSWELL, R.N., DURING THE 1850-54 SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN. (Lithograph by E. Walker.)



"PARASELENA (LUNAR HALO), JANUARY 15, 1912, 9.30 P.M. CAPE EVANS, MCMURDO SOUND"; BY DR. E. A. WILSON (1872-1912).
Water-colour. Lent by the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge.



"THE BIVOUAC, CAPE SEPPINGS, LEOPOLD ISLAND"; BY LIEUT. W. H. BROWNE, R.N. DURING ROSS'S SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN, 1845, WITH *Enterprise* AND *Investigator*.
(Lithograph by C. Hoghe.)



"Discovery WITH PARHELIA (SOLAR HALO) BEHIND"; BY DR. E. A. WILSON, WHO DIED WITH SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. (Water-colour
Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge.)



"SLEDGE PARTY LEAVING THE *INVESTIGATOR*, IN MERCY BAY, UNDER THE COMMAND OF LIEUT. S. GURNEY CRESSWELL," 15TH APRIL, 1853; BY LIEUT. S. G. CRESSWELL.
(Lithograph by E. Walker.)



"A REMARKABLE ICEBERG"; BY SIR EDWARD A. INGLESFIELD. THE *PHOENIX* IS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, WITH THE *TALBOT* AND *DILIGENCE* IN THE OFFING.
(Water-colour.)

The first of a series of Special Exhibitions to be held in the Print Room Gallery of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, during 1950 is devoted to Polar Art. The Director of the Museum points out that it illustrates the "wide scope of the Museum's interests, extending literally from Pole to Pole, wherever Arctic or Antarctic exploration has been linked with British Maritime adventure and experience." The pictures on view cover a period from the early eighteenth century to the *Endeavour* expedition of 1914-17, and have been chosen with a view to giving a general idea—seen with an artist's eye—of the conditions experienced by explorers before the Poles

could be reached by aircraft. The series by Admiral Sir Edward A. Inglesfield (who initiated his Polar adventures when he was given the private appointment of commander of Lady Franklin's steam yacht *Isabel*, to sail in 1852 to maintain the search for her husband's lost expedition of 1845) illustrates the fact that this distinguished naval officer was a skilful marine artist. The present exhibition of his work has been made possible by the co-operation of his grandson, Lieut.-Commander A. V. Inglesfield. Dr. E. A. Wilson, who served on Scott's expeditions to the Antarctic in 1901-4 and 1910-12, died with him on the return from the South Pole.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANIMAL MENTALITY—THE RED DEER.

By RICHARD PERRY.

THE most curious aspect of Red Deer society—in Scotland, at any rate—is the tendency for the sexes to be segregated for all but six weeks in every year. I say tendency, because this habit of segregation has been over-emphasised, and because the use of such a term conjures up a mental picture of the respective herds of hinds and stags restricting themselves to separate and discrete territorial areas. This, however, is not the case. If you spend a summer on the great mosses on the high roof of the Cairngorms you will find *all* the deer up there: the only segregation being that whereas a herd of perhaps one hundred big stags will be grazing together in one part of a moss, usually its higher outer rim, several hundred hinds will also be scattered in smaller herds over a wide area of the same moss; but if the deer are disturbed, then both hinds and stags will run together from all parts of the moss and move off as one herd to undisturbed ground. Moreover, it is by no means unusual to find one or two big stags grazing with a herd of hinds, while the young staggies accompany either sex impartially. Precisely the same conditions hold good during the winter months, when the deer are located in the glens and lower corries. With these qualifications, however, there does exist this strong tendency for the adults to run in sexually discrete herds except during that six-weeks period covering the rut. As the stags are neuter for the remaining part of the year, this habit may parallel that of some birds of consorting in sexually discrete flocks after the breeding season.

Though herding together, the stags yet remain strongly individualistic. Perhaps it would be truer to say that, paradoxically, they lack the herd sense. There is no question of some older stag being accepted as the leader of the herd or imposing himself on his fellows as such. Come down suddenly on a herd of stags, and they will mill round and round in confusion, horning and "boxing" one another angrily, now galloping off at tangents, now doubling back on their tracks again. It may be several minutes, indeed, before some sort of order prevails and the whole herd streams off together. And how strange it is to see that in a mixed flock of stags, hinds and followers, it is not the stags that lead the way and protect the rear of the herd, but the older hinds. The stags either accompany the main body of hinds or strike away on their own. But then, as we have seen, the stag is neuter for the greater part of the year, and therefore has no interest in anything except his own self-preservation.

How interesting then to observe the effect of perpetual maternity on the hind's mentality. Perpetual? Yes, because, except when barren, the hind may still be suckling her yearling calf when her new calf is born. She it is who is constantly on the alert for danger, continually lifting up her head and pricking those elongated, diamond-shaped ears of hers. Why, incidentally, if deer rely mainly on their noses for warning of danger, do they make so much play with their ears? And she it is, oddly enough, who decides the location of the rutting grounds: for these are merely the lower hills and glens to which the hinds descend in the autumn and to which they are followed by the stags.

Observe, then, the extraordinary change of mentality that comes over the stag when, late in September or early in October, he becomes sexually potent, and from being an almost mute lazy creature turns into a roaring savage, charged with a positively demonic energy. So much for the electrifying forces released by sexuality! And now he is indeed the male and master, for he chivvies the hinds incessantly,

continually rounding up the harem of a dozen or two dozen he has collected, as a collie does a flock of sheep, intermittently advancing from them to roar—cater-waul is a more descriptive term—at any other stags, bachelor or otherwise, that may appear within his field of view. Even his normal fear of men is almost dominated by his passion, and during the rut he is most easily approached. But for all his sound and

Observe two stags, each of whom has a harem. Roaring incessantly, they advance towards one another, but when only a few yards separate them, and I brace myself with heightened excitement for the combat that must surely ensue, they stop, as if some imperceptible barrier divides them. Then, after some more intermittent roaring and petulant pawing of the ground with their hoofs or tossing of earth and herbage with their antlers, they turn about and make their way back to their respective harems, breaking into

a canter, as if suddenly remembering their rashness in leaving their harems unguarded from the assaults of designing bachelors. The bachelors are those who have not yet succeeded in acquiring harems of their own by a prodigious expenditure of energy and a sufficiently menacing aspect, or perhaps merely because they have not come into the rut as early as older and more sexually mature stags. It is harder to obtain than to retain.

There is, I believe, no evidence that two stags have ever deliberately fought to the death for the possession of a harem, though occasionally the accident of a chance dig in a vital spot, or the interlocking of antlers, has resulted in the death of one or of both combatants; but the fiercest combat I have witnessed has been a matter of energetic shoving with antlers, resulting in the weaker beast breaking off the match sooner or later and beating a retreat.

One by one, as their sexual energy is expended, temporarily or permanently, the stags abandon their harems and make away to the high tops or to their wintering corries, and after a few of the weaker stags have usurped their places for a short while, the hinds regain their independence. This, as we have seen, has been lost solely as a result of this seasonal biological change in the stag's organism. The elder hinds resume the leadership of their fellows and followers, and with the safety of so many dependent upon their vigilance, they are very much more wary animals to deal with than the stags. But just as a great part of the stag's normal wariness is displaced by stronger emotions during the rut, so maternity produces stronger emotions than self-fear in the hind, and in June and July, when the calves are born, the hinds, in their turn, are most easily approached.

The calves are dropped on the grassy flats of the alpine mosses, and so at this season, when one is abroad in these high places, one may come upon a group of half-a-dozen hinds. Four make off with their raking strides, but one hind and the inevitable yearling stand their ground, and the hind "coughs"—in anger or warning? Indeed, when my dogs and I halt, she even advances a pace or two, stamping her foot, but retreating again when we move forward. Then she takes up her position again on a knoll at a little distance, and not until I have actually found her calf, lying out in the open on the banks of a burn, does she finally trot away, though with many a halt and backward glance, before she disappears in the broken ground among the cairns and lochans.

And what are the infant deer's reactions to the monster, by whom his kind have been persecuted for so many centuries? Absolutely none! He never stirs, nor even blinks an eyelid when I lift his smooth head, which seems too heavy for him to lift up and falls forward on his outstretched forelegs when I remove my hand. But come again a few days later, and by some mysterious process he has become aware of the evil stigma attached to human kind, and he is away in a flash, galloping diminutively over broken ground not, however, with his mother, who has been grazing near by, but in an opposite direction to her and her companions; for this time she does not stand upon her going, but trots off with the others.



"AND SHE IT IS . . . WHO DECIDES THE LOCATION OF THE RUTTING GROUNDS: FOR THESE ARE MERELY THE LOWER HILLS AND GLENS TO WHICH THE HINDS DESCEND IN THE AUTUMN AND TO WHICH THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY THE STAGS." A RUTTING GLEN OF STAGS IN THE FOREST OF GAICK, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Photograph by Richard Perry.



"HE IS AWAY IN A FLASH, GALLOPING DIMINUTIVELY OVER BROKEN GROUND": A RED DEER CALF, ABOUT FIVE DAYS OLD, TAKES A LAST LOOK AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER BEFORE MOVING AWAY.

Photograph by Alex. B. Beattie, Aberdeen.

fury, he yet retains a certain cautiousness, his continual challenging roaring may be compared to a bird's aggressive display antics. It both releases his own sexual and pugnacious emotions, and serves as a warning "keep off" to other stags which may have designs on ravishing a member of his hard-won harem.

FRENCH PAINTINGS NEW TO LONDON: WORKS IN THE "PARIS-LONDRES" SHOW.



"CHATEAU DE BEAUVOIR"; BY HENRI HARPIGNIES (1819-1916). THIS PAINTER STUDIED UNDER JEAN ACHARD AND TRAVELLED WIDELY IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

"PARIS-LONDRES" is the title which has been chosen for the current exhibition of twenty-nine interesting and beautiful paintings by French artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which opened at Tooth's Bruton Street Galleries on March 14 and will continue until April 6. This designation indicates that the pictures on view have been recently purchased in France and have made the Channel, "Paris-Londres," crossing under the new licence which allows the import of works of art from

[Continued below.]



"UNE VILLE EN BRETAGNE"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875). C. 1850. COROT'S LANDSCAPES, PAINTED OUT OF DOORS, ARE NOTABLE FOR THEIR FRESH OBSERVATION. HE WAS THE TEACHER OF BERTHE MORISOT AND THE ADVISER OF PISSARO.



"TROUVILLE, 1872"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898). HE WORKED WITH ISABEY AND TROYON AND WAS INFLUENCED BY COROT AND BY HIS FRIEND JONGKIND. HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECTS WERE SEA-COAST SCENES.

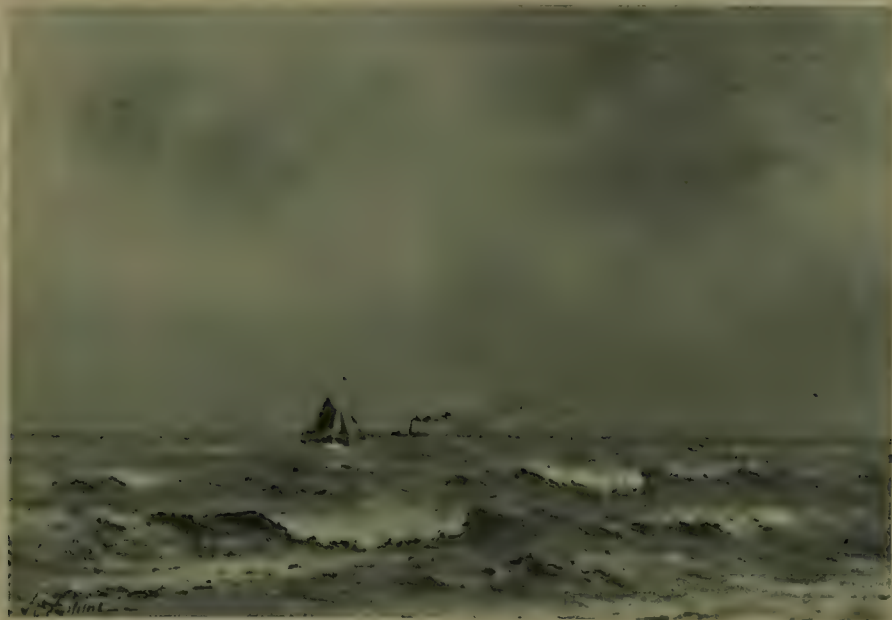
[Continued.]

"soft currency" countries. Thus, none of the exhibits have been previously seen in Britain. The exhibition has a fairly wide range, as Corot, and his pupil Lépine, and his followers Jongkind and Boudin, are represented, as well as some of the Impressionists, such as Renoir and Degas, while works by later painters, including Braque, Dufy, Utrillo and Rouart are also on view. The painting by Renoir of his son Pierre as a little boy is an enchanting example of his genius as a portrait painter and his success in capturing the artless charm of human immaturity. The Vuillard

[Continued below.]



"PIERRE, FILS DE L'ARTISTE, c. 1882"; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). THE SUBJECT OF THIS ENCHANTING PORTRAIT IS NOW A WELL-KNOWN FILM-PRODUCER.



"PLEINE MER"; BY STANISLAS VICTOR EDOUARD LÉPINE (1835-1892). THE ARTIST WAS A PUPIL OF COROT AND FRIEND OF BOUDIN AND JONGKIND.

[Continued.]

small portrait head of his mother as an old woman (not reproduced) is a painting of quite outstanding beauty, and the exhibition as a whole is notable for its high quality. Londoners who studied the development of French art from 1550 to 1900 at the great Burlington House exhibition "Landscape in French Art" this winter, will find



"ENTRÉE DE PARC"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (B. 1883). PAINTED IN 1913, THIS WORK IS REPRODUCED IN "UTRILLO," BY M. GAUTHIER (PARIS, 1944).

that the small but choice show which we illustrate makes a delightful "follow-on" to the vaster display. Many of the painters whose work was seen at the Royal Academy Galleries are also represented at Tooth's, and visitors may feel that an attendance at this show is like going to a small party and there re-encountering charming people whom one has recently seen at a stately reception. It is most enjoyable to have the chance of getting to know them better under more intimate conditions. The paintings are well displayed and seen to advantage in the light and well-proportioned galleries.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN order to limit the scope of this article, I have decided to include only the fragrant Viburnums. Even so, I shall omit several sweet-scented species for the good reason

that I have never made their acquaintance—except in books or catalogues.

Describing, criticising, and recommending plants which one has never grown, or perhaps even seen, is a profitless business for all concerned. One makes enough mistakes as it is, without paraphrasing other people's. But by way of refreshing my memory—that nothing be lost—I have run through the Viburnum section of the most distinguished of all nursery shrub catalogues. A humbling experience. I found some eighty-odd species and varieties described and offered, among which were many obviously lovely things which I have never seen. There are both evergreen and deciduous species, and among the delights which they provide are flaming autumn colour, masses of glorious blossom, and handsome berries—scarlet, black, blue-black or amber. Above all, there are Viburnums whose flowers, in addition to being beautiful, are fragrant, whilst one or two of them have the heaven-sent gift of blossoming, on and off, during the more lucid moments of mid-winter.

That is what *Viburnum fragrans* does. An erect, deciduous, 8- to 10-ft. shrub, it often begins to flower in November, and then keeps up a running fire of blossom—not a mass, but enough for gathering for the house—until late March or early April, when the main crop opens to make a really impressive show. The white, daphne-like flowers are carried in clusters an inch or two across, on the tips of the branches. The buds before opening are pink, and the backs of the petals of the expanded flowers are still tinged with pink, which has the pleasing effect of taking the chill off their otherwise dead whiteness. They smell of heliotrope.

I have grown four varieties of *Viburnum fragrans*. The one which I like best is rather rigid and erect in habit, and has fuller flower trusses than the others, and often these trusses are clustered, several together on the tips of the main stems, forming a pyramid of blossom like some small lilac.

Another form, which I like only slightly less, makes sprays of slender, much-branched twigs, with a tuft of blossom on almost every twig tip. In full flower it is a beautiful sight. This form sends up many suckers (the rigid form makes none), and it is easy to chop these off with a spade, "Irishman's cuttings," each with its tuft of roots, all ready to give to friends. It is surprising that these two forms of *Viburnum fragrans* have not been given distinctive varietal names.

V. fragrans candidissimum is an albino variety. Its rather yellowish leaves and pure, dead-white flowers give it an air at once glacial and anæmic which I dislike.

V. fragrans compactum is, as far as my own experience goes, a silly little shrub, a dumpy 18-in. replica of normal *fragrans*. I bought a specimen of it some years ago, which shortly afterwards flowered so well that I took it to a R.H.S. show. It was given an Award of Merit, and it has never flowered since, not a solitary flower in ten or so years. Why it should rest on the laurels of that initial triumph I cannot think. If it persists much longer I shall conduct it to the rubbish heap. *Viburnum fragrans* is an absolutely first-rate plant, hardy, and easy to grow in any reasonable soil in full sun. Such plants, designed for cutting and for smelling, should always be planted near path or lawn, so that they may be cut and smelt with convenient ease.

Viburnum grandiflorum was introduced about the same time as *fragrans*, but has not attained such widespread popularity,

FRAGRANT VIBURNUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

and is not always, apparently, so easy to grow. There is a fine specimen in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh, and this spring I saw a splendid 6- or 7-ft. specimen flowering profusely at Broadway, Worcs. My own only specimen, now six or seven years old, but only 3 ft. high, has flowered for the first time this year. But it is healthy and vigorous, and looks ready to grow away as it should. Other specimens which I have



HELIOTROPE-SCENTED, DAPHNE-LIKE, WHITE FLOWERS WHICH FROM NOVEMBER "KEEP UP A RUNNING FIRE OF BLOSSOM . . . UNTIL LATE MARCH OR EARLY APRIL, WHEN THE MAIN CROP OPENS TO MAKE A REALLY IMPRESSIVE SHOW": FLOWERING SPRAYS OF *Viburnum fragrans*, ONE OF THE BEST OF WINTER SHRUBS.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



"VERY FRAGRANT, WITH ROSE-FLUSHED FLOWERS VERY FREELY PRODUCED OVER SEVERAL WEEKS": A SPRAY OF *Viburnum x bodnantense*, A RECENT GARDEN HYBRID WHICH WON THE CORY MEMORIAL CUP FOR 1947.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



AN IMPRESSIVE MODERN HYBRID *Viburnum*, THE OFFSPRING OF *V. carlesii* AND *macrocephalum*, WITH THE SOMEWHAT CUMBRIOUS NAME OF *V. x carlecephalum*. A REMARKABLE PLANT, WITH BIG HEADS OF FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.

seen in various gardens have looked sulky and stunted, with whole branches dying back for no apparent reason. The flowers of *V. grandiflorum* are rather larger than those of *fragrans*, with much longer corolla tubes. They are 1-in. long, with a lovely bright pink apple blossom flush, and they curve and droop over sideways from the summits of their twigs. The scent of *V. grandiflora* is not pleasant. Rather a dirty smell, somehow reminiscent of privet.

In December, 1947, a hybrid (*V. fragrans x V. grandiflora*), called *V. x bodnantense*, received the Award of Merit of the R.H.S. and later the Cory Memorial Cup for the best hybrid plant of garden origin shown to the R.H.S. in 1947. I missed seeing it, but bought a plant purely on pedigree. It has grown vigorously in stiff, limy loam in a sunny border, but that is all I can tell of it at first-hand, except that it cost me a guinea. But it is described as fragrant, with rose-flushed flowers very freely produced over several weeks, and remarkably frost-resistant.

Viburnum carlesii is perhaps the most beautiful and the most deliciously fragrant of all the family, and fortunately it has become deservedly popular.

A rather slow grower, it forms a low, roundish bush with greyish leaves. In April or May the pink buds open into large, rounded heads of waxy white blossom. A 4- or 5-ft. bush of *carlesii* in full flower is one of the most glorious things that ever happened in any garden.

Gathered for the house, *carlesii* has one fault. The short, soft stems which carry the flower heads are apt to go limp and flop over. To avoid this, immerse the whole branch, leaves, flowers and all, in a basin of water for a spell directly after picking. There is one other snag to look out for with *V. carlesii*. Bought specimens have often been raised by grafting on—I think—*V. lantana*, the Wayfaring Tree, and now and then the stock sends up a fine, vigorous sucker which is apt to rejoice the heart of the unwary or uninitiated amateur. Such a sucker should, of course, be traced right down to its source of origin at the root of the bush, and carefully

removed without trace, otherwise it will soon take charge, and form a young tree which would eventually destroy *carlesii*. *Viburnum carlesii* has given two hybrids. Married to *V. utile*, it has produced *V. x burkwoodii*, which is like a taller, more slender and twiggy *carlesii*, with rather smaller heads of white blossom which are equally fragrant. It is a really beautiful and valuable shrub.

The other hybrid, *V. x carlecephalum*, a cross between *carlesii* and *macrocephalum*, I have only seen at shows. It grows up to 8 ft., with big heads of fragrant white flowers. It was difficult to judge the plant fairly in a mixed group at a show. My impression was that it was remarkable, but perhaps a trifle coarse. It certainly lacked the perfect quality and refinement of *carlesii*. But well placed, and growing in the garden, it may well prove a very fine thing.

Viburnum bithynense is like a taller, more slender *V. carlesii*, with fragrant white flowers, hardy, easy to grow and well

worth planting.

Until an hour or two ago I had always imagined that *Viburnum tinus*, known familiarly as "Laurustinus"—all one word—had a certain fragrance, a palescent, somewhere between almond and stale biscuits, and not unpleasant. I have gathered flowers of laurustinus and neither I nor anyone else in the house can detect the slightest scent of any kind. However, the dear old thing, surely one of the best of all winter-flowering evergreens, has wormed its way in here on the pretext of a wholly imaginary scent, and I am glad. Laurustinus is seldom valued at its true worth.

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LITERALLY "HANGING OUT THEIR WASHING ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE": A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT INSTALLED IN THE ONCE FORTIFIED AREA.



ILLUSTRATING THE STRENGTH OF THE CONSTRUCTION: A STEEL PILL-BOX LYING UNDAUNED ON THE TOP OF FORTIFICATIONS DEMOLISHED BY A DETONATION.



NOW IN USE AS A SHEEPFOLD: A TUNNEL LEADING INTO A DESTROYED FORTIFICATION OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE: NOTE THE GERMAN EAGLE AND NAZI SWASTIKA ABOVE THE ARCH.



DEMOLISHED BY MEANS OF AN OXY-ACETYLENE CUTTER: ONE OF THE STEEL PILL-BOXES, WHOSE STRENGTH WAS SO GREAT THAT IT RESISTED HIGH-EXPLOSIVE.



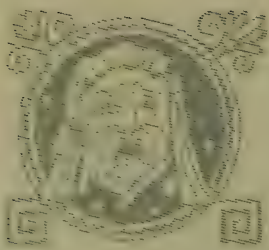
A VIEW OF THE TANK TRAPS OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE: THEY ORIGINALLY EXTENDED IN AN "AVENUE" OF 60 MILES, BUT MOST HAVE NOW BEEN DESTROYED.



NOT SCHEDULED FOR DESTRUCTION AS IT ACTS AS A DAM FOR A RIVER: ONE OF THE IMMENSELY STRONG CONCRETE CONSTRUCTIONS OF THE LINE.

French engineers are, at last, drawing to the end of their work of dismantling the former German Siegfried Line, or "Westwall." The fortifications were begun in 1937 and in 1938 described by Hitler as "the most gigantic fortress in the world." The task of destruction, begun in 1945, has been arduous, for the "Westwall," which followed the windings of Germany's western frontier from opposite Basel, in Switzerland, to a point facing the Dutch border north of Aachen, consisted of a front line of steel

and concrete pyramids running like a road over hills and down valleys with, behind it, a secondary line of ferro-concrete forts largely sunk in the ground. Tank traps of concrete in pyramid shape extended over some 60 miles. German demolition crews working under French supervision were once counted in thousands—now they number only some hundred. The most dangerous task has been the finding and removal of the thousands of mines, and there has been loss of life among the workers.



The World of the Theatre.

SIX CHARACTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SIX people rise from the programmes of a theatre fortnight, laid now upon the desk. They are a strange company: R. C. Sherriff's bank clerk who lost his memory, Lonsdale's American girl in search of a husband, Bridie's schoolmaster in distress, Rudolf Besier's *poseuse*, Shakespeare's hollow pillar of Vienna, and the figure of death-in-life that is Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman. Certainly they would not mix well; but it has been an experience to meet them, one by one, in the theatre. All are dominating. I have only to glance at a programme and a single figure will come sharply from the cast: no impression is blurred or fluffy.

That is not to say that they are all good plays. Bridie's is certainly below his best form; Lonsdale's, though agreeable of its kind, is less of a play than a hatful of epigrams. Yet every evening has something that one will remember, and the six characters stand finely.

Take David Preston, whom Sir Ralph Richardson presents in "Home at Seven," at Wyndham's. He is a City bank clerk, a man in his forties, of regular habits, living in an outer suburb. Every night at seven his wife expects his return, and there is a family ritual of tea-drinking. But one night he does not return: when he reappears, after twenty-four hours, it is plain that his memory had faded and that he had lost a day in his life. It is soon equally—and grimly—plain that during that day he may have committed robbery and murder. Upon this situation Sherriff has built a play with an astonishing quality of suspense. We do not know what has happened, or what will happen. But, thanks to the dramatist's truth, to his selective ear for dialogue that is never strained into falsity, and to the acting of Ralph Richardson and

(destined for literary fame) and the doctor's daughter (clearly a coming violinist) go, newly married, to London and return as a pair of Horrible Examples. He is a full-dress "spiv," having—as Gillie observes in grief—"blown down Jericho at the first toot," and the girl is a wife to match. Once more Gillie has opened a cage, but the birds have not flown far before the cat has got them. Gillie himself, eager, philosophic, misunderstood, is a charming character

member of the Bristols—seems to be strangely scrupulous about taking a rich wife. Most of the people in the piece, which is contrived on the old Lonsdale glitter-and-gloss formula, with a Debreit handy, are merely blithe word-mongers with little individual character. But everyone of them has an air with an epigram, and especially the Duke's uncle, whom Ronald Squire—as one might expect—keeps on velvet. Kenneth More is good as a young man whose ideal death, I feel, would be drowning in a butt of malmsey. Michael Gough maintains a pleasant hunted look, and Glynis Johns stands over all as the conquering heroine.

There was a heroine of another sort at the Boltons. It was a gay idea to revive "Lady Patricia," Besier's comedy of the *poseuse* in her oak-tree summer-house. This rapt creature, all Swinburne and sunsets, and surrounded by various folk who find the world of 1911 wholly "corking," was created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Jane Henderson, at the Boltons, managed to be both Lady Patricia and Mrs. Pat. She was limp and she clung. She swooned and she soared. A delicious performance and a witty restoration.

Two characters remain. An Arts programme yields immediately John Gabriel Borkman, that figure hewn by Ibsen from some mountain ridge. Borkman is the defeated Napoleon who still, in his living tomb, is obsessed by his love for the metal that sings in the earth. The play, in a stern Arts revival, had the looming intensity of a thunder-cloud. In comparison, certain other Ibsen plays seemed like wisps of cirrus. Yet now, after a fortnight, the piece does not hold the memory as one had expected. The only figure that still looms is John Gabriel himself; here Frederick Valk had a sable splendour that filled all the sky.



"THE TALE OF AN ORDINARY MAN IN THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT": "HOME AT SEVEN" (WYNDHAM'S THEATRE), A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF THE PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MR. PRESTON (RALPH RICHARDSON); DR. SPARLING (CYRIL RAYMOND); MAJOR WATSON (PHILIP STANTON) AND MRS. PRESTON (MARIAN SPENCER).



"A GENTLE ANECDOTE ABOUT A SCOTTISH DOMINIE WHO LIVES IN A WORLD OF FAILURE": "MR. GILLIE," BRIDIE'S NEW COMEDY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) ALASTAIR SIM, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE-RÔLE "WITH APPRECIATIVE CHARM"; TOM (GEORGE COLE) AND MR. GIBB (RONALD ADAM).

Marian Spencer, we know that the man and his wife are our friends, and that we feel acutely about their future. When dramatist and players can get us to worry like this, then the field is nearly won.

Sherriff does not jeer at the suburb, or cartoon it. He is an accurate, sympathetic reporter, not a flamboyant impressionist. So, too, with Richardson. He acts quietly and assuredly; with so much gentle assurance, indeed, that we feel such a horror as this can be, no extraordinary freak, but one that could very well attack any of us at any moment. It is a picture of Everyman in the toils. Does he escape? The answer to that must be found in the theatre. Thumbscrews and the rack for anyone who reveals the secret.

A little farther down Charing Cross Road from Mr. Preston is Mr. Willie Gillie. This generally lovable fellow, who gives his surname to a new Bridie comedy, is the schoolmaster of a Scottish village. The children of Cruft, potential swans, have a habit of remaining geese. It is not the dominie's fault. He does all he can to inspire them in his own single-minded way, but somehow none of them is a credit to him. In the play we see how a lad from the pit

played charmingly by Alastair Sim, as eloquent as ever with voice and eye. Megs Jenkins, too, is a pleasure as his wife. But it is not a major play. It trickles into an anecdote, and it is burdened by a puppet-show prologue and epilogue in which a Judge and a Procurator consider Gillie as a candidate for immortality and at last assign to him a seat between Lincoln and Wesley. Bridie will have his joke, and some of the jokes, inevitably, must be less good than others.

Our third character is Mary FLEMING, the grave blossom of "The Way Things Go" at the Phoenix. Things go the Lonsdale way, which means that we are in a dual family (the Bristols again, though times have changed), and that the characters have a prosperous line in epigram. It is all very artificial, but it stays amusing to the end, where, as we knew she would, the single-minded American gets her man. She is as relentless as Shaw's Ann Whitefield. There is no hope for the Duke's brother, one who—for a



"CONTRIVED ON THE OLD LONSDALE GLITTER-AND-GLOSS FORMULA": "THE WAY THINGS GO," AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE, A SCENE FROM THE PLAY JUST AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF MARY FLEMING (GLYNIS JOHNS) AND HER AMERICAN FATHER, ROBERT FLEMING (ROBERT ADAIR—RIGHT). DR. SHAW (ARTHUR HEWLETT) HAS BEEN SUMMONED BY GERARD (MICHAEL GOUGH—LEFT) AND IS TAKING MARY FLEMING'S TEMPERATURE.

The sixth character is Angelo, the rigid Deputy of "Measure for Measure." It is an unloved play. Commentators pick its construction to pieces; the chaste Isabella has been among the most-attacked of Shakespeare's heroines. Yet, for all this, it usually comes well to the theatre. I have not seen a better

revival than that—directed with kindling imagination by Peter Brook—at the early opening of the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival. From the moment the cressets flare in Vienna to the last unravelling (with its daring, triumphant pause), Brook orders the stage superbly, and the Stratford cast is responsive. Barbara Jefford's youth and freshness do much for Isabella; but the heart of the evening is John Gielgud's Angelo. The man seems at first to be choked by the consciousness of his own virtue; his fall terrifies us, and his final scene moves us, against our will, to pity. Gielgud has rarely spoken with more power. This Angelo and Richardson's David Preston are strange companions indeed, yet to-day they must stand by each other in the grateful memory.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HOME AT SEVEN" (Wyndham's).—Between them, R. C. Sherriff (dramatist) and Sir Ralph Richardson (actor) keep us in suspense with the tale of an ordinary man in the most extraordinary plight.

"THE WAY THINGS GO" (Phoenix).—"The only person impressed by a Duke to-day is another Duke." It is a typical Lonsdale line. His new comedy has the usual burnish; much of it is amusing, and Glynis Johns, Michael Gough and Ronald Squire serve their author faithfully.

"MR. GILLIE" (Garrick).—A gentle anecdote, in James Bridie's less inspired mood, about a Scottish dominie who lives in a world of failure. He is acted with appreciative charm by Alastair Sim.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—We wondered at the decision to open the Festival in early March, and with one of the lesser plays. But this revival settles all doubt. It is produced with shining skill by Peter Brook, and the Angelo of John Gielgud is unforgettable.

"LADY PATRICIA" (Boltons).—Rudolf Besier's comedy still laughs across forty years, and Jane Henderson decorates wittily the part created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN" (Arts).—In this revival of a rarely-seen drama, Frederick Valk guided us towards the Ibsen peaks.

POLITICS, PETS AND INVENTIONS: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM ENGLAND AND GERMANY.



DISMANTLING GOES ON AT THE HERMANN GOERING STEEL-WORKS:
A TALL CHIMNEY FALLING AT WATENSTEDT-SALZGITTER.
On March 6, local indignation at the dismantling of steel-works near Hanover got out of hand, and about 1000 German workers sacked the offices from which the dismantling was being directed and prevented the demolition of a blast furnace. On the following day British troops occupied parts of the works and although a crowd of about 4000 Germans gathered there was little violence and demolitions progressed.



THE MARCONI JUBILEE: A MODEL OF THE INVENTOR'S
EARLIEST EXPERIMENTAL TRANSMITTER.
On pages 452-453 we record the jubilee of the Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., and also illustrate some of the exhibits on show at the Baltic Exchange in the Jubilee Exhibition (March 24-April 4). Here we illustrate a model of Marconi's earliest experimental transmitter, with copper sheet aerial, induction-coil and spark-gap from which the present-day equipment has developed.



"BAN THE ATOM BOMB"—A PAINTED BANNER WHICH WAS
DISCOVERED HUNG ON THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
On March 14, it was discovered that a banner of green canvas, about 4 ft. by 3 ft., painted with the words "Ban the Atom Bomb," had been hung on the Central Tower of the Houses of Parliament, in full view of the mid-day passers-by. After about fifteen minutes it was removed by police, as was a small banner bearing the word "Peace."



TRAPPED AND OFFERED FOR SALE IN A BOX BARELY LARGER THAN A MAN'S HAND: SOME OF THE NINE WILD
LINNETS FOUND IN THIS BOX BY AN R.S.P.C.A. INSPECTOR IN BETHNAL GREEN.
When inspectors from the R.S.P.C.A. visited the vicinity of the Club Row bird market, Bethnal Green, London, on March 19, they found a box barely larger than a man's hand containing nine wild linnets which were being offered for sale to the public. They were among some 200 other birds which included chaffinches, goldfinches and siskins. When the linnets were found they were beating their wings against the sides of the cage in their frantic efforts to escape.



ESCAPING TO FREEDOM ON CHISLEHURST COMMON: ONE OF THE LINNETS
WHICH WERE FREED BY AN R.S.P.C.A. INSPECTOR.



THE MECHANICAL MAN TAKES CHARGE: AN AMUSING ROBOT DEMONSTRATION OF A MOTOR-
CYCLE'S MECHANISM AT THE WEST GERMAN SPRING FAIR AT FRANKFURT.

This Wellsian robot, in an exhibit staged at Frankfurt by the N.S.U. Company of Neckarsulm, shows the spectator how the machine works. Operated by relays of switches and electro-magnets, he starts the engine, makes all the necessary gear changes, drives at top speed and eventually brings the machine to a stop. Which suggests a new proverb: "Set a machine to run a machine."

ON VIEW BEFORE THE
SHOW: AN EXHIBIT
FOR THE LONDON AND
PROVINCIAL PEKINGESE
CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP
SHOW ARRIVING
IN A "PERSPEX"
TRAVELLING-CASE.

When the London and Provincial Pekingese Club Championship Show was held at Holy Trinity Church Hall, Marylebone, London, on March 14, one of the exhibits, *Anne of Eloy*, exhibited by Mrs. Lucy Cole, of Streatham, arrived in a "Perspex" travelling-case. The little dog seemed to be "enjoying the novel form of transport."



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT always sounds well to demand ideas in a work of fiction, but one could just as reasonably argue that a novelist is safer without. Or, rather—since ideas he is bound to have—that they should be implicit and commonplace: that any others are a liability, a drain upon the fullness of life. However, that is too large a problem. I drifted into it while thinking of "Secret Valleys," by John Cousins (Cape; 9s. 6d.), and pondering its tight-rope effect. It has the surface of an action-story, and a rather flamboyant one. Three men, survivors of a desert-based air crew, are returning by agreement to a place they knew in the war. It is the kind of journey ex-soldiers often talk about, but these three are on their way. And curiously, the attraction is a man they don't even know by name. To be sure, he was their pet guerilla; it was they who spotted him in the Cretan wilds, convinced H.Q. that he was real, and finally dropped supplies to him. By then he had evolved into "Papadopoulos," a comic or heroic legend, different for each. Now they are going to look for him—on what common impulse? What is it they expect?

Nothing, Tom says hastily; this is not a pilgrimage, it is an old boys' reunion. For Henri, it connects with the pain of exile, and with a vision of the *maquis* unlike his true experience. Angus, the Celt and scholar, is in quest of something mislaid—something of crucial importance. When he gets there, he will know what.

However, getting there is no easy task. The village seems to be taboo; it is a bad place, there are brigands—Communists—obscure perils—all sorts of reasons for avoidance. No one will take them. No one will explain to them. Henri diagnoses the approach of civil war; Angus, more intuitive, concludes that something is afoot now. But they are devious and full of stratagems, and they reach their goal.

To find that Papadopoulos—Akhilles, really—is still an outlaw, and still in arms. And something is afoot, which Tom and Henri cannot approve of. Tom was rather doubtful of guerillas, even during the war; he thought them too irregular, a bad precedent. Henri, the Marxist, would not mind illegality; what he doesn't like is pig-headed individualism. For him, a rebel who defeats his own chances is an anti-social *poseur*. That is what Akhilles has just been doing; and for that very reason, Angus is on his side. And so the others have to tag along.

There we have one penalty of the "idea." Tom and Henri represent attitudes; their rôle is simply to be present, and disapprove. Henri is just as limited as Tom but not so real; while Angus is explained subtly, as though he had been brought to life. The narrative is kept mincing, not to get ahead of the idea. In short, the whole book is over-conscious. But it has admirable flashes, a real distinction of mind and style.

In "Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow (Collins; 12s. 6d.), the trouble is not over-consciousness but perseverance; it keeps going on. In America it has been highly praised. "A work of art"—"the finest novel in years"—"the feeling of a classic"—"one can only apply superlatives. . . ." If it was thought superlatively long, the excerpts don't say so. But for me that aspect finally eclipsed every other.

What enables it to stretch out indefinitely is the unimportance of the plot; for it is less a novel than a detailed study of manners, in a corner of the Kentucky hills. Though, to be sure, it sets out to tell a story—the tragic story of a farmer haunted by a red fox. Nunnely Ballew is devoted to his farm, his wife Milly, and the "little youngens"; he has worked tenaciously to buy the old homestead, and now he means to work the land into its old heart. Only there is a curse upon him, binding him to chase this "King Devil"—to pursue him night by night, to waste his substance and desert his work and let his children go ragged. The chase is no pleasure, but a weariness, a kind of Satanic duty; he only wants to get it done, and get on with life. But meanwhile, for the "youngens" life is being shaped irrevocably.

We have heard something of the kind before; still, it looks like drama. But really it is spread so thin as to lose all its impact. But there is always Little Smoky Creek. We get to know all about it—its speech and customs, housekeeping and farming, ideas and prejudices, doctoring and schooling and moonshine liquor and revival meetings, and, in short, all. And this account of it is very good, convincing and full of tenderness. All would be well, if only there were no such thing as saturation point.

"The Eye of the Night," by Christopher Dilke (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), begins one evening at the Seaburgh cross-roads, and returns to end there with the dawning of a new day. Throughout the intervening dark, the group of characters is always in motion: a complex and dramatic scheme, like a game of chess. We do not stick to one point of view, but follow each piece as it moves into a fresh square. The protagonist, however, is Stephen Carroll; and the first event is his encounter with Rosalie.

Then, she is just a figure at the cross-roads, an unknown girl who wants a lift. And he is not going her way. He is going to Anne—but when he gets there, all is found out, and the deluded husband is there already. So he walks off, and in a dreary little fun-fair meets the strange girl a second time. Now she is in bad company and mortal dread. He can't turn his back on her; he can't abandon her to Lenox, the soldier-baby with the dead face.

And so the pattern is defined: a pattern of fear and jealousy, confusion and panic, horror and pursuit. It is a brilliant piece of work, with both style and atmosphere. Only, at the last moment the "idea" lifts its ugly head.

There is no such intrusion in "A Matter of Nerves," by Richard Hull (Collins; 8s. 6d.). The butcher of Losfield End, a hamlet on the east coast, has gone astray. We know he has been chopped up and buried; we know because the murderer is telling the story. He has decided to record all that happens, and everything that people say—for one can almost do that at Losfield End. But for security reasons, he will do it in the third person.

So we have to guess which he is. The story has not much incident, or even, properly, suspense. Yet it does not flag, and I confess it foxed me deplorably.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HAVING mishandled the opening in a recent Midland club game, I found myself with the diagrammed situation on my hands. Though I have kept my two bishops (as against bishop and knight) and my men are well placed in general, these seem flimsy compensations for the pawn lost. As the game went, I actually managed to confront my opponent with unavoidable mate within eighteen moves, and as the methods by which I attained this happy end were by no means obvious and might give a keen student some new ideas, I am going into them in some detail.

WHITE (W. RITSON MORRY).



BLACK (B. H. WOOD) to move.

White has just played 15. P-KB3.

We must form some plan. White's K3 square looks weak. How nice if we could get our queen there! Unfortunately, our own knight would have to get out of the way first. Shall we retreat the knight to Q2 then? No; unless White obliges with Kt×B, the knight would have no future. What about 15. . . Kt×Kt; 16. P×Kt, B-Kt3; threatening 16. . . R-B5? No, we could never get enough force concentrated on that king's pawn to bother White seriously. 15. . . Kt×Kt; 16. P×Kt, B-Kt5 looks a little more aggressive.

Let's examine things from White's side. How beautifully his advanced knight is posted! Without it, his position would look none too marvellous; his other knight impedes his queen and can only move backward; his bishop can't move at all; one rook is not developed yet and the other can't do much. What will White's next move be? Obviously Q-Q2, which would link together his rooks, protect that weak square K3 and transform his game. We must stop Q-Q2 if we can. Can we? Yes—and get rid of that forepost knight as well!

16. . . B×Kt.

Unexpected because a player with two bishops is normally rather inclined to avoid exchanging either; and when you're a pawn down, you don't hurry to exchange any pieces at all. But have you heard of "unlike bishops"?—opposing bishops which travel on squares of different colour. They make the game very drawish. Here, with the disappearance of Black's black-square bishop, unlike bishops remain. White's bishop controls white squares but can't contest black squares; Black's, vice versa. If everything else were exchanged off but the pawns and these two bishops, White, in spite of his extra pawn, could make no headway because of his weakness on the black squares. White wants to exchange off pieces to make his extra pawn count, but is now in a dilemma, for the exchanges may leave nothing but the unlike bishops and a draw.

17. P×B, B-Kt4.

Taking command of the black squares in White's camp, above all his K3, which we can now be pretty confident of occupying sooner or later.

Time up! With seventeen more moves, among them the most piquant of the game, yet to come. We must adjourn. See you here next week!

The descriptions of the great early climbs, whether they are recounted by Mr. Clark through the records of eye-witnesses or (for your great Victorian was sometimes a little prosy) paraphrased for modern consumption, are first-class—vivid, and tensely exciting.

To come nearer home is merely to mention—with great approbation—Mr. Norman Wymer's "Sport in England" (Harrap; 15s.). This pleasantly erudite—if popularly written—book covers 2000 years of the lusty activities of our energetic ancestors. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Wymer has left anything out, and the illustrations are as abundant as they are skilfully chosen.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOUNTAINS; ANIMAL LIFE; AND SPORT.

ON occasions when I lunch by myself I like to prop up my favourite evening newspaper and, having disposed of Old Vera and her activities in the police courts, I turn to the short story. And the type of short story which aids my digestion best is the one which deals with wild animals. You know the sort of thing. "Yum-Yum the leopard was hungry. Hunger was in every inch of his lithe and splendid beauty as he crouched motionless and tense in the shadow of the great bongo bush which overlooked the waterhole, the very personification of velvet Death. For days past the acrid (tantalising, delicious—strike out adjectives not required) scent of gnu, (hartebeest, dirtbeest) had tormented him. And now the quarry was within yards of him. Suddenly the old bull raised his shaggy (bearded, heavy-horned) head. With a warning snort he was off, the rest of the herd scampering (bounding, thundering) after him as fast as their long (short, bandy) legs would carry them. . . ." It is all great fun—even if one sometimes suspects that the authors have been no nearer Africa than darkest Bloomsbury or encountered anything more savage than an intellectual red in tooth and claw whose favourite seat they have thoughtlessly annexed in the British Museum Reading Room.

My distinguished predecessor, the late Mr. W. R. Calvert, was a writer on wild animal life of considerable distinction. Although the title is perhaps a little of the "Yum-Yum" school, his book, "The Passions of the Wild," which has been reprinted by Messrs. Rich and Cowan (10s. 6d.), is one which I can thoroughly recommend. Here are no bonas or water-holes, for it is set in the milder climate of the fells. But our birds and beasts share to the full the ferocity of their larger brethren under more brazen skies, down to the little water-shrew that calmly devours the body of the female shrew he had been pursuing—only to find that a cat had got there first. Mr. Calvert was a most shrewd observer of wild life, and this book—with its thread of human love-interest running through, but not interfering with—the stories of our British fauna, is that of a serious naturalist, his seriousness disguised by his skill as a writer.

One of the best anthologies of its kind I have come across for some time is "Big Cats," edited by Francis Brentano (Benn; 12s. 6d.), to which Field Marshal Earl Wavell contributes a foreword which demonstrates once more that in his case the pen is at least equal to the sword. The stories, poems and factual descriptions cover a wide range. There is Miss Sackville-West's well-known poem, "The Greater Cats"—an anthology's "must." There is that queer Balzac story, "A Passion in the Desert," the tale of one of Napoleon's soldiers in Upper Egypt, escaping into the desert and there encountering the panther which became slavishly devoted to him. There is an extract from one of the best books of its kind ever written—"The Man-Eaters of Tsavo." There are stories of the big cats in their natural and unnatural confinement, and one, "A Night of Terror," which more than lives up to its name in the reading. And there is that "Saki" gem, which I can read and re-read, "Mrs. Packletide's Tiger," to complete the whole range from the grave and ferocious to the bizarre and the witty.

Naturalists will find more close observation in V. A. Firsoff's "The Cairngorms on Foot and Ski" (Robert Hale; 15s.). Mr. Firsoff keeps his eyes open and makes one suggestion which surprises me. This is that red deer will eat young grouse. It is true that many herbivores will on occasion forget the diet which they have in common with Sir Stafford Cripps. Only this last shooting season a dead partridge which fell in the middle of a group of pigs completely disappeared, and one at least had an unusually contented look in its eye when we searched for the bird. But red deer eating grouse is a new one on me. I have never ski-ed in Scotland—and from what my friends tell me I do not particularly want to—but Mr. Firsoff is obviously a ski-mountaineer of the Arnold Lunn type. He can make the best of even the most meagre snow and is clearly disdainful of the *pistes* of the Alpine resorts to an extent which would delight Mr. Lunn and Field Marshal Montgomery. His expeditions on foot or on ski cover the whole of the Cairngorms, while his photographs, with which he illustrates the book so copiously, show him to be as excellent a photographer as he is climber, naturalist, ski-er and writer.

Mountaineers—and those who love mountains without having indulged in more than discreet and easy scrambles in them—will welcome "The Early Alpine Guides," by Ronald Clark (Phoenix Press; 15s.). Tucked away in almost any inn in the Jungfrau or Chamonix districts you will see from time to time a fading photograph, or fly-blown engraving, of a bearded man, or men, with pork-pie hat and ice-axe, and that peculiar concentrated expression about the eyes which you so often find in mountain dwellers and especially guides. The names—Balmat or Croz, Lauener, or Anderegg or Almer—belong to the early (and some hold the golden) age of climbing. This was a period when most ascents were "first" ascents, when climbs which are now done by comparative novices a bare twenty-four hours off the train from England demanded endurance, strategy and questing skill. As Lord Schuster in his foreword says, the guides who were engaged by the mad English whose names are written in gold in the early history of Alpinism were "men who had begun as shepherds or perhaps woodmen or chamois-hunters, or, sometimes, smugglers. And the pioneers had to teach them almost as much as they had to learn."

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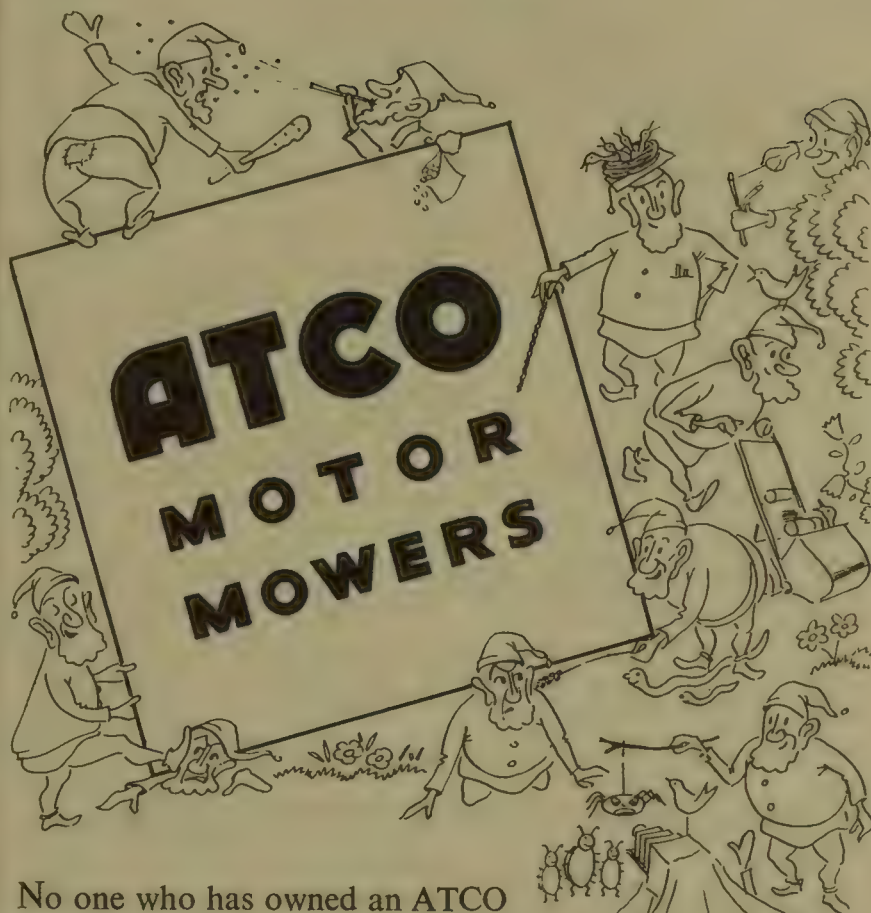
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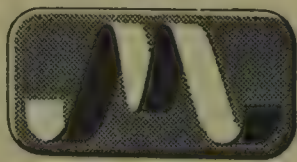
gaining new health, strength and happiness from this wonderful nerve tonic food—you can do the same! 'Sanatogen' is obtainable from all chemists. Prices (including tax) from 5/6d.

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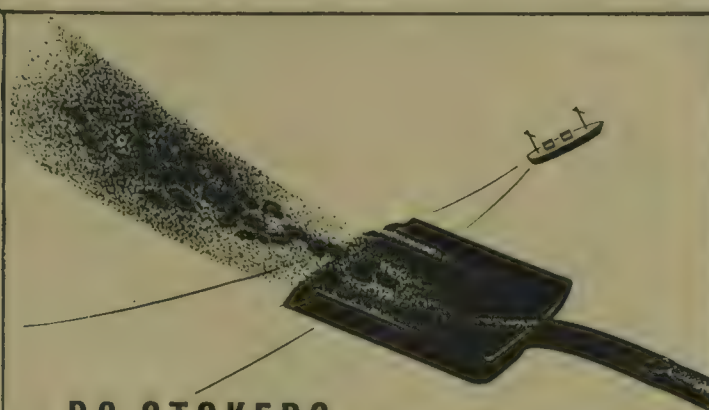
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DO STOKERS TALK T.I.?

Certainly. Ships may have TI in any part of them, from much of the superstructure down to the decorative fittings, from engine room to funnel and mast . . . TI tubes, cylinders, cables, furniture, lighting, paint . . . fabricated steel and aluminium alloys . . . only a deaf-and-dumb seafaring man could escape the subject altogether. Sailors don't often hail TI by name, of course, but they do know a bridge from a bulkhead, a deckhouse from a lifeboat, a hatch cover from a gangway or a davit . . . All of which are TI topics.

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 0271). They also stand for the 30 producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture . . . and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

 THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS



WITH NORMAL TYRES A SUDDEN BURST MAY LEAD TO DISASTER!



WITH GOODYEAR LIFE GUARDS A SUDDEN BURST LEADS TO A STRAIGHT CONTROLLED STOP!

NOW—SURE PROTECTION AGAINST TYRE-BURST DISASTER

Amazing LIFE GUARD Safety Tube Makes
Bursts Harmless as a Slow Leak



Tyre bursts come like a bolt from the blue. Without warning. There's a loud report, and your car is wrenched from your grasp and flung clean off the road, perhaps headlong into oncoming traffic. The results are often tragic. That is the old story: Now, with the arrival on the market of Goodyear's revolutionary new Lifeguard Safety Tube, tyre bursts become as harmless as a slow leak. This strongly built twin-chamber inner tube outlasts as many as three normal tubes. It is an economical and very practical life insurance. It will bring new peace of mind to every motorist, especially the family-man.

HOW THE LIFE GUARD WORKS

The Lifeguard consists of a normal rubber outer-wall (A), a strong 2-ply inner tyre (B), and a patented 2-way valve (C). Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers (D & E) simultaneously. The 2-way valve also acts as a pressure equaliser vent, through which air can pass between the two chambers. Because pressure is equal in chambers D & E, the free-floating inner tyre bounces clean away from any sharp object that pierces through to it. This inner tyre cannot be punctured. As a result, when the tyre cover and outer wall of the tube give way or explode, the weight on that wheel is carried by the inner tyre, inside which 60% of the air is safely trapped. Axle drop is so slight that there is no instability, and no dangerous swerve. You simply bring the car to a gradual, straight stop, in complete safety.

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by **GOODYEAR**



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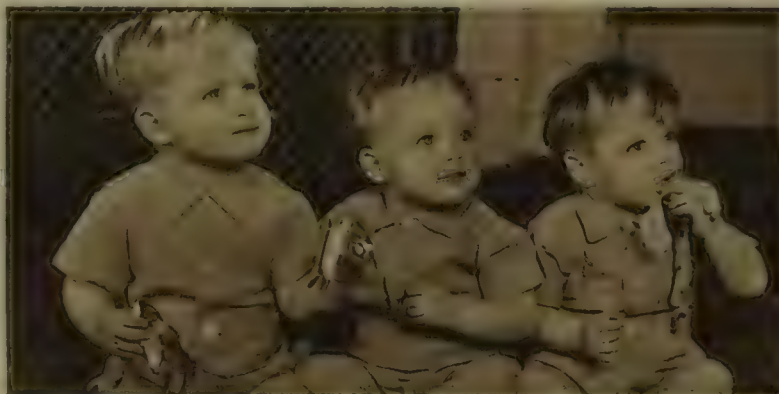
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P.10

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Ready-to-wear Two-piece Suits

DOUBLE OR SINGLE BREASTED

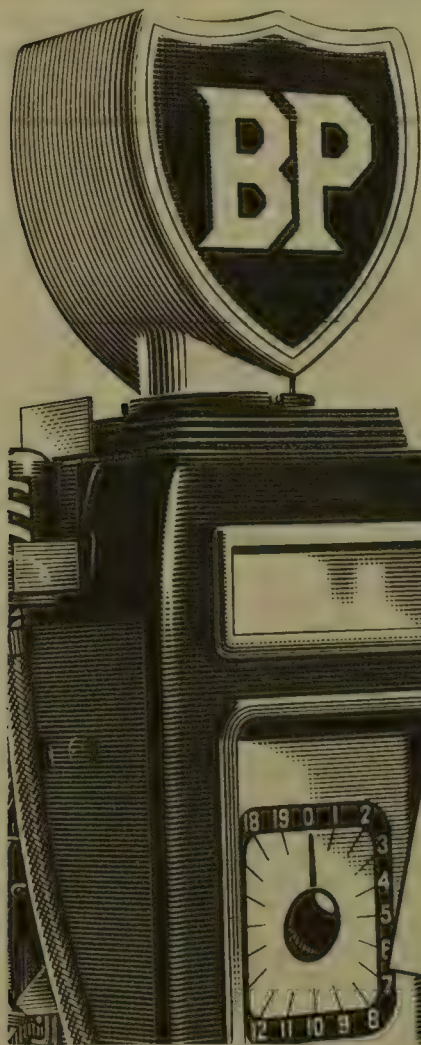
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A NOBLE SCOTCH

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It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day...

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

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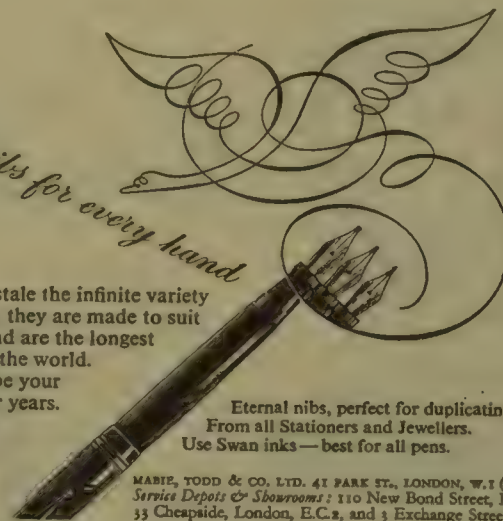
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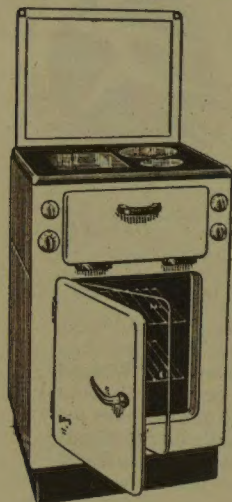
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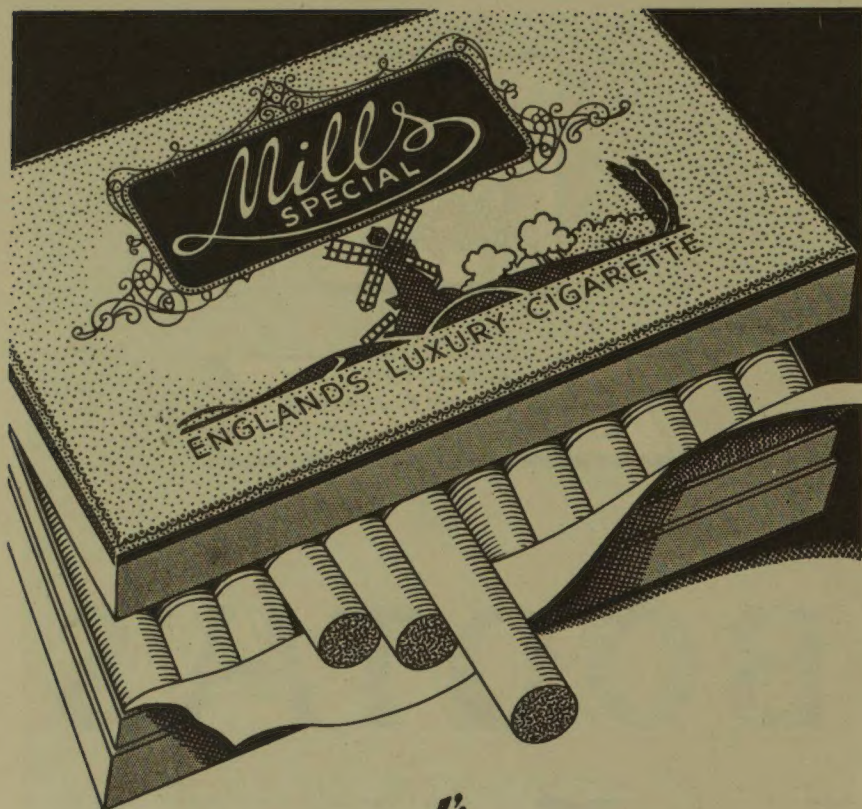
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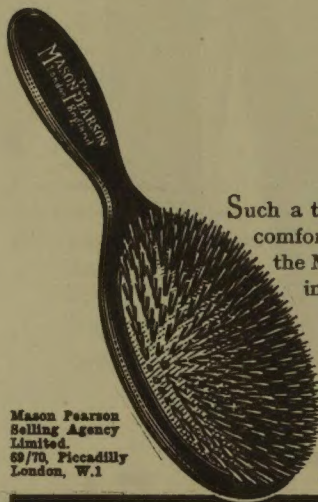
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